R.F.H.

SENIOR ANNUAL

1915

TO

GEORGE R. STALEY

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

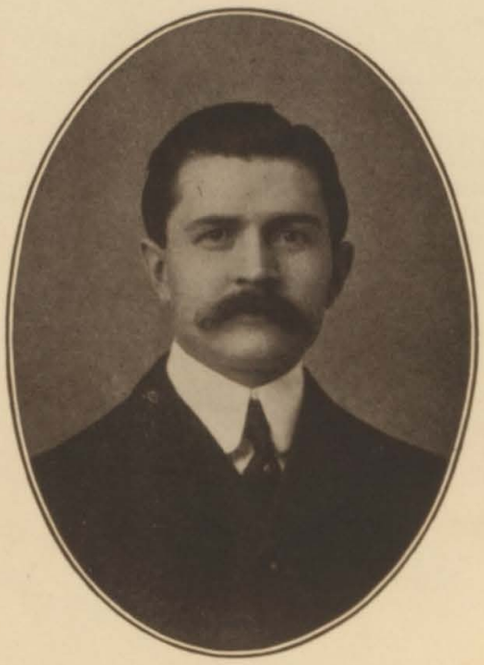
THIS BOOK

WITH ALL SINCERITY AND GRATITUDE

IS DEDICATED

President of Board of Education
HOWARD J. ROWLAND

Superintendent of Schools
GEORGE R. STALEY



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The Senior Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

ROME. N. Y. CLASS DAY JUNE 22, 1915

HAROLD G. RICE, Editor-in-Chief.

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We, the Editors of the 13th Senior Annual of the Rome Free Academy, extend our thanks to the various members of the faculty for the faithful co-operation which they have given us to make this Annual a glorifying success, which we hope it has been. Much credit is also due to S. Harry Beach Jr., '16, who has assisted us in this publication by his excellent cartoons.

This year several new features have been inaugurated, the most important being the change in typography, and the quality of paper used, being India tint with brown ink, the literature and joke sections, etc. It is earnestly hoped that the numerous anecdotes will not be taken seriously, but in the spirit in which they are written. If your name does not appear upon these pages do not feel slighted or displeased, for our material came hurriedly for the press and your name came in late.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF.

SENIOR CLASS

1915

ROME FREE ACADEMY

RUTH HASKINS ALDRIDGE. "Rufus"

Did anyone say that Ruth was slow? Well, surely nobody ever said she wasn't. But we will admit, Rufus, it's "slow but sure." As a class we show our liking for Ruth by electing her vice president. Ruth is socially inclined. The inclination has been centered upon one fortunate youth during all her four years in R. F. A.

Vice president.

E. RUTH ALLEN

Some think the world was made for fun and frolic. So does Ruth. Her motto is "Giggle and the class giggles with you." Although fun does not produce the best marks, Ruth has the old quotation to rely upon, "He is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all."

HAZEL ESTHER BARNARD. "Barnie"

"*Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee.*"

Behold this sweet, timid little lassie! To look at her picture one would never think that this gentle appearing maiden is the most skilled Coon huntress in the whole school. She, gentle reader, has been most successful in her quest, having finally bagged her game.

WILLIAM HENRY BIRD

"*A likely lad, a fine lad, a gay, good-humored, clever lad.*"

This diminutive, truncated, musical entity is one of the cutest living apologies for human existence that ever strung a bow. He has charmed many a fair damsel with his selections on the violin.

Photos by McClusky.

Kathaleen Irene Bowman

Irene is our History shark. Can there be any event of which she does not know? Also she certainly can express her opinion in class meetings. Although Irene thinks "it is good to live and learn" she is as ready as anyone for a good time.

Third Prize in Slingerland. Member of Staff.

Mary Elizabeth Brodock

Mary is the great curiosity of R. F. A. because she "Loves to study." This is the only specimen of the kind known to be in captivity. She is musical, playing equally well on the piano or a stick of gum. Mary has also been known to desert even her books to enjoy the society of a certain young man.

Elsie Byam

Elsie is very generous both with her time and her flowers. She has typewritten so many articles for this Annual that we think she at least should be entitled to the name of "stenographer" for the staff. Elsie's friends at present consist mostly of girls, but cheer up, Elsie, "all things come round to him who will but wait."

Evelyn Teresa Carroll. "Evie."

"Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind."

Evelyn is small but—good things come in small packages. She certainly is good; her studying, her recitations and her marks are perfect. Besides these studious characteristics, Evie is a good friend. "A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature."

First Prize in Slingerland. Fourth Honor. Member of Staff.

Photos by McClusky.

MELVILLE GEORGE COLLINS

"Business before pleasure."

This picture depicts a civil engineer, a lecturer, a philanthropist and a knight of the fair sex (?). He is a big booster in Track and Field and his only ambition is to have a good track team in the Academy. We wish him the best of luck.

HOWARD EDWARD COUNTRYMAN

"Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom."

Howard isn't half as bad as he looks. He is a very quiet chap, able to attend to his own business and leave other people's business alone. Burning midnight oil is nothing new to Howard.

MARY CHRISTINE CRAIG. "Polly"

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Here is an innocent creature wholly without guile. Original sin is her only excuse for mumps. Cornell is a college dear to Mary's heart and from the number of letters postmarked "Ithaca" we judge that the college is not the main attraction.

Recitation. Honor.

WILLIS UPSON DANIELS

"True greatness is sovereign wisdom."

Surely the class of 1915 is lucky in having such a brilliant youth. He shines like a star of first magnitude. He is not a grind but he studies assiduously—if you know what that means. He hasn't much interest in the ladies as yet, but that will come in time.

Photos by McClusky

Photos by McClusky

Beatrice Carolyn De Garmo. "B"

"Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls to the flowers and be their sun."

Whew! Dees eez di French Man'neselle from appearance de name. But on the contrary "B" is a loyal American citizen. She is much interested in the stock market and has a corner on Wheat. For further particulars see Sara Scott.

Helen Mae Dorr

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To change the current of this woman's will."

Here is a gentle-eyed soul who is really more intelligent than she appears. Helen is very averse to arriving at school before nine o'clock and, hush! I will tell you a secret but don't mention it aloud. Ssh—she is a musical genius with a—stick of gum.

Ruth Elizabeth Evans. "Ruthie."

"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever."

There is someone in Lee Center who thinks so, isn't there, Ruth? No one would believe it to look at her but Ruthie loves to eat. She is a good example of the old quotation "We must eat to live and live to eat."

Leslie Faulds

Heads up, gentlemen; this is the only and original Leslie Faulds, otherwise popularly and properly known as "Les." Leslie's originality lies in his ability to sell "The best cylinder oil in the world," and last but not least to manage, with the skill of a juggler, that Overland. He is one of the head instructors of the Trig. class, and is one of the brilliant six who sailed thru Solid Geometry.

CLYDE BEACH FELSHAW. "Hank"

"I love the Ladies."

A meteor sailing over Lee Center deposited this burden and since then Clyde has always tried to shine. He is without doubt the mathematical, scientific and linguistical genius of the class. I fear it must be known that this young prodigy is a woman hater. He has been known to walk to school three feet behind an attractive young lady, and never take advantage of this unusual opportunity.

MARGARET ELIZABETH FLACK. "Marmie."

"Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk sometimes turns to cream."

Yes, Marmie, you do look innocent but—just ask the girls who sit around her, who stuffs their rubbers with paper wads? Her dealings with the male sex have been many and varied but she believes in the old proverb "Variety is the spice of life."

JACK SUMNER FULLER

"It is the man who takes in,
Who can give out."

This short, sawed off, hammered down piece of humanity has a great interest in the canning business. By his experiments in the physics class, he is constantly giving new ideas to the world of science. He has no interest in the opposite sex.

PAUL RICHARD ERNEST GOETZ JR.

"Hoch der Kaiser."

This cheerful looking sample of genius homo has taken up Chemistry as a specialty since coming to R. F. A. and has progressed so far that he can really tell H2O from H2S by the odor. One of his other accomplishments is that of a Chauffeur. He is second to none in taking corners and incidentally trees, fences, telegraph poles, etc. He is a very near relative to Kaiser Wilhelm.

Foot Ball.

Photos by McClusky

Photos by McClusky

MARION GLENROSE GOLLY. "Marmee"

Marion Golly called information
I really believe she's known thru the nation
She'll save you worry for you see
All you have to ask is what will the "Wetherbee."

We wish Marion the best of success in whatever work she takes up after leaving R. F. A.

LOWELL HUNTER GYPSON

"Let every man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him."

Here we have him. The driver, owner and dealer of the "MIGHTY METZ." Just ask him about this car, and he'll tell you of so many of its good features that you will immediately cancel your Pierce order and get a Metz.

ESTHER LOUISE HOWARD. "Queen"

"Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings." Surely Esther is well supplied with both of these. Esther has the unusual faculty of being studious, athletic, musical and friendly. "Quiet unobtrusive, kind, a friend to all, hated by none."

Corresponding Secretary. Sixth Academic Honor. Member of Staff.

IONA ANITA HOWELL

Iona has tried several classes but she has decided that the class of 1915 holds the greatest attraction for her. We trust everyone knows why. The class as a whole doesn't see much of Iona, but one member has his full share of her society.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

FREDERICK EVERISS KESSINGER

You have oft' heard it stated "The swans sing before they die—'twould be better if some die before they sing." We agree entirely with the sage who quoted these words. But "Pick" really believes he can sing. He has other accomplishments, however, among which is the manly art of self defense and no high school pugilist has aroused more interest than he. "Pick" is some ladies' man.

Business Mgr. of Annual, Class Play.

ALBERTA WESTERN KREBS. "Bertie"

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace and competence."

Alberta is fortunate to possess all three of these qualities. We don't have to wonder what occupation she will pursue after graduating from High School, for even while she has been there she has shown a liking for Mills.

SPENSOR WILLIAM KROPP

"Studies are the food of youth."

Spensor's most prominent characteristic is the lack of prominence. He seems to prefer the quiet life in preference to the busy whirl of society or fascinating uncertainties of politics. His choice is apparently a wise one for it has at least saved him from the fate of all politicians and social lions. He has never, so far as anyone knows, looked at a damsel. He intends to marry the library.

ETHEL LAMBERT. "Lamby"

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
* * * * * *
A careless shoestring in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Do more bewail me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

Photos by McClusky

JOHN CULVER LEPPART. "Jack"

John is the "Butterfly" man of the class, although McGarty is very close to him in the race. John's barber pole neckties are magnificent, his shirts incomparable. For peculiar and daring combinations, his ties and hair, he has all the girls of the class put to shame. It can be truly said of John that he always takes someone of his own size.

Class President, Third and Oratorical Honors, Foot Ball, Assistant Business Manager.

BERTHA FANNIE AMELIA MARTIN

"Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise;
Old time will make thee colder."

Here is a quiet miss, who does not seek the vain pomp and glory of the world. If a male has any attraction for Bertha the Senior Annual detective has not been able to ascertain the name and character of the young man.

HATTIE ELLEN McCARTHY

"Exhausting thought, and living wisdom with each studious year."

Hattie gets good marks in school and she deserves them. But although she is so studious she has another interest in life. Do you know who He is? You can find his name in the quotation "Sensations sweet, Felt in the Blood and left along the heart."

Class Play.

LEON SCHULER McGARTY. "Tip-top"

"An empty wagon makes the most noise."

We wish, for the benefit of the ladies, that we were able to print Leon's picture in colors this year. If such were the case, there would surely be one grand rush for him. To the unfortunate girl, whoever she may be, we extend our deepest sympathy. Leon's phenomenal mind deals in big things and he talks in millions.

Treasurer, Member of Staff.

Photos by McClusky

Bertha Anna Mittenmaier

"Speech is silver and silence is gold."

At least there is one member of our class who is wise enough not to forget the gold. Bertha is quiet, studious, a model student. Surely the High School building would fall if Bertha was ever kept for detention period. Well, Bertha, virtue is its own reward.

Gerald Richard O'Brien. "Gig"

"A youth so honest and bound to do right,
An athlete so sturdy, strong in his might."

The Physics shark. There is but one thing in this subject that has puzzled him. He can not account for the fact that ice forms on pipes in a brewery. Will someone kindly enlighten him on the subject? Besides this he is an Orator and a great English "Stude."

Melvin Arthur Page

We've waited for years for an opportunity to get a crack at this guy, but now that we are in a position to do something—well, what are we doing to do with him. Search us. As a fusser he has few equals, as an American History student he is a shark, but still better a mighty good bluffer.

Chester Frederick Parsons

Among many other things Chester has written a book, entitled "The Techniques of the Violin." He is no doubt superior to Fritz Kreitsler in every way, shape and manner. Chester clearly calls to mind 12:30 a. m. and several cats outside the window. Our musician is a member of the Sympathy Orchestra and is a candidate for the German Band.

Photos by McClusky

Photos by McClusky

Mary Edna Perry

"As fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

The student of '15. Edna is a gentle soul who wishes no one harm. Dame Rumor whispers that Edna has ceased to hate man, is much interested in him—one we should say. We leave it to you to guess who he is.

Valedictorian.

Harriette Olney Pillmore. "Pilly"

"If he be a noble lover—take him."

When Pilly is asked which she prefers Scotch or Welsh people she replies, "Oh, like Welsh better." We know it, Harriette, especially since he's missed walking to school with her only two mornings since she's been going to high school.

Samuel Thomas Preston

This angelic-looking cherub is one of the Profs. of the Commercial Law class. Before retiring he was a representative of the Allen's Foot Ease Co., where he made a great reputation as a salesman. He was the man who put their goods on the market and made the firm a good and substantial one, by showing the public how this excellent foot reliever helped himself.

Harold Gorton Rice. "Pud"

"Vat am I?"

Alas, gentle reader, we can not explain this sawed off bunch of atoms and molecules. Behold his wavy flaxen hair, his baby blue eyes. Could we ever persuade you that Pud is an Architect? 'Tis true, too true. But first of all, he is essentially an admirer of the fair sex. Nevertheless, this admiration seems to be centered on "Peg."

Editor-in-Chief of Senior Annual.

MARION BLANCHE ROSTISER

Marion is a student and always ready to help others. She has been totally unaware that there is another side to the study hall for three years. Cupid, however, has got busy at last and Marion is not wholly absorbed in her books.

Recording Secretary.

THOMAS HENRY RUDKIN. "Tom"

Look at him, ladies. For four long years this noble Senior has adorned our study hall and has never fallen for the charms of a woman. Although extraordinarily handsome and attractive, he heeds not to the restive life but devotes his entire energy to study and has succeeded in winding up about sixth from the bottom of the class—a truly wonderful record for such a brain.

Member of Staff.

ESTHER GLADYS SAXON. "Victrola"

"Cloudless is her serene brow."

"A joke on Esther no one will tell
And we'll have to admit that we know her—not well,
So we'll be contented and pass it right by
In knowing her dear friend is called merely 'Si' ".

IDA BELL SCOTT. "Idie"

"Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In those orbs a shadow lies
Like the dust in evening skies!"

A quiet person, never in the way but always ready and willing to do her part. Ida has been with us for the last two years only. She always has her lessons and can always recite.

Photos by McClusky

Sara Elizabeth Scott

"Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others; always thoughtful and kind and untroubled."

Please notice the name is spelled without an "h." Sara is very particular as to *how* that name is spelled. Chubby is the sunniest of souls and her laugh—like measles—is contagious.

Ralph Edmund Spinning

This young man, born of noble and illustrious sire, has nevertheless turned from the straight and narrow path which leads to learning and devotes his time to athletics and ladies—or rather lady. Ralph leads a class of aspiring athletes in the Methodist Church gymnasium. They average about ten years of age and their highest hope is that, in time, they may equal their present leader.

Foot Ball.

Ora Mae Tanner. "Bedat"

"The dome of thought, the palace of the soul." Ora is another diligent student of our class. But will wonders never cease? We once thought that Ora was "never less at leisure than when at leisure", but now she astonishes us by spending her leisure moments with a friend of the other sex."

Fifth Honor.

D. Alfred Thomas

Oh, yes, we all know him, this guiding light. Who would not in R. F. A.? A debator? Well, we should say so. Alfred's favorite song is "Come Kiss Me, Kid." He is one of the resplendent orbs of the commercial department and it is the wish of the entire class that his success in after life be equal to that in the English IV "Dictionary Race."

Photos by McClusky

Allen B. Townsend

Pst, neighbor, lend me your shelllike ear. For, theologians, psychologists and philosophers sat up and looked wise when this prodigy of general and useful argumentation first blew in. He entered High School where in time he became a satellite, if not a star. As a debator, he can fill you with so many arguments against Woman Suffrage that your poor brain will need a week's vacation.

Elizabeth Van Alstyne Townsend. "Betty"

Here we have a bright, industrious girl. Her poems are a pleasure to us and the class is proud of her. Her ideas are original, and when boys or girls go to her home they are sure of the best time ever. She has done many noble and daring deeds, including bringing up a can of peas from the bottom of the stream when on a camping party.

Alice Amelia Tupper. "Tup"

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

Alice, our flyaway, saucy and pert,
With the High School fellows is prone to flirt,
She's a Camp Fire Girl and plays basket ball,
And now, my friends, we've told about all.
Class Play.

Mary Eunice Vanderpool

"Hers is a spirit deep, and crystal-clear."

Sh! Don't talk so loud. This gentle lamb is so quiet that the noise of her own footsteps scares her. She is near the end of our list of quiet members.

Photos by McClusky

RUTH AGNES WALLER. "Ruthie"

"Will ye attend me, while I sing
A song of love—a pretty thing?"

Here we see one of the musically inclined members of our class. Ruthie has entertained us several times with her very pleasing rendition of classical numbers. We hear that she intends to enter Syracuse University in the Fall that she may study music. What will Albert do?

HENRIETTA MAGDALENE WALTERS

"Fair is she to behold, this maiden of seventeen years."

A queer creature, one of those elected to be "not like other men." Her laugh is her only vice. Besides, she holds the admirable situation of faculty adviser. When not bemoaning Miss Corbin's departure she is bewailing her manless condition.

SAMUEL WARDWELL

"Women are the LEAST of my troubles."

Behold him! Musical? Well, I guess yes! His voice is as sweet as the tone of the Liberty Bell, only a little more cracked, and on a piano his chords sound like a load of scrap iron being hauled over a cobblestone pavement. Hail Caruso. But as a foot ball warrior Sam has no superiors. Believe me, he is one good scout.

Class Play. Foot Ball.

WINIFRED DOROTHY WELLMAN. "Winnie"

"Unconscious as the sunshine, singly sweet."

Ah! here is a very modest and sweet young damsel. She is so quiet that you can scarce hear her breathe. She is one of Mr. Good's followers and causes him much trouble from her proneness for being late to class.

Photos by McClusky

GEORGE FREDERICK ROY WHEAT. "Oats"

This small, hard working piece of protoplasm is connected with Foot's Department Store in the capacity of delivery boy, window trimmer, clerk and janitor. He has made a success of everything he has undertaken. For example, he has held his own in High School life, not lowering his arm to a mark less than 99 (in fact it has been up all the time) and at the same time kept his position in the store at $2,000 per.

ABBIE ORILLA WHITE

Abbie is our budding young poet. For four years modesty has kept her talent concealed from her friends but now we have brought her genius to light. Although Abbie does not appear to be burdened with the male sex here in Rome, there are others, aren't there, Abbie? What about Camden and Blossvale? But we all know that "still waters run deep."

Class Play.

RUTH JULIA WHITE. "Dimples"

"Thou can'st not see a shade in life."

Lo! Here's our Ruthie. She is such a wiggle-twist she is seldom still. Her tongue moves in sympathy with her feet and she keeps one in a continual uproar. Of late Ruthie has turned Chrestien, which good news we all receive joyfully.

GEORGE THOMAS WILLIAMS. "Rink"

To this long, lanky, double-jointed individual was entrusted the management of foot ball interests of 1912 and 1914. It is rumored that Cupid has lassoed his heart, but we hope it will be at least until after graduation before he resigns from the Bachelor's Union. You ought to see the tub do the tango.

Photos by McClusky

Photos by McClusky

JUSTINA MARY WILLIAMS. "Justie"

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

But Justie has another crush. "A *Bird* in the hand is worth two in the bush." Justie's motto has been "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow." Never mind, Justie, "In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare."

Class Play.

KATHRYN MARIA WILLIAMS

"Thine eyes are brown, thy hair is bright."

Another flyaway! Kittie's tongue goes so fast that we should most think she would be worn out. Kitty is quite accustomed to wear Kelly green hair ribbons that effectually set off the color of her hair, but for all that she is a nice little girl although quite a tease.

VIRGINIA ADALINA WILSON

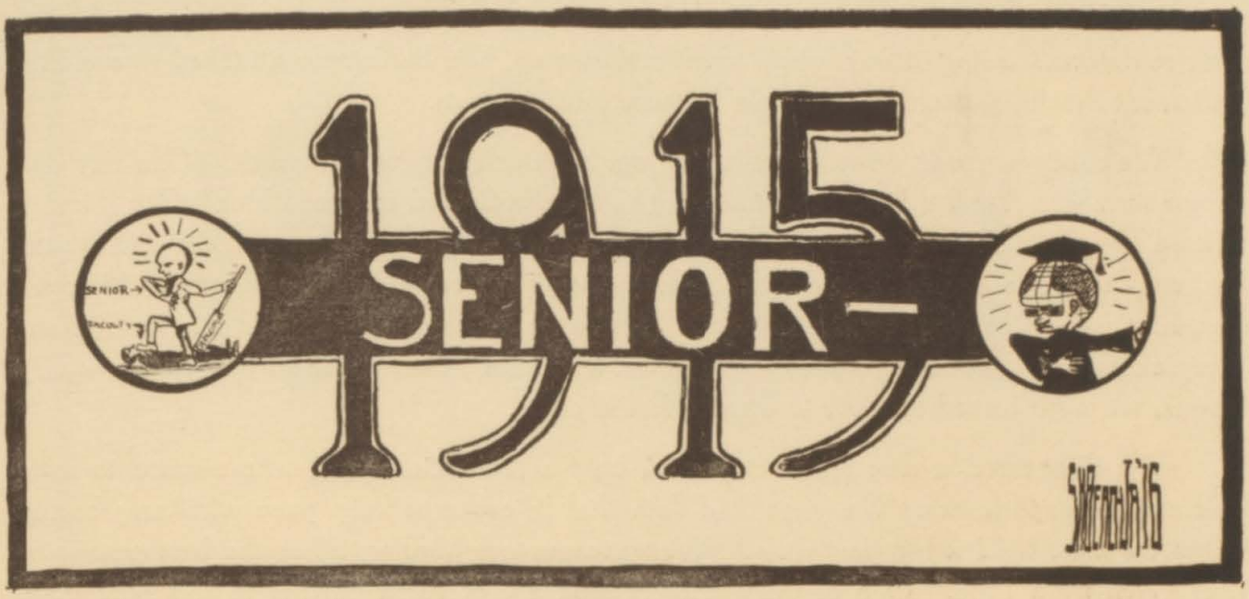
"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

As her quotation indicates Virginia is a very quiet, useful and unselfish member of society. She enjoys the society of the faculty to a large extent. Otherwise she is so quiet that we would never realize her presence except for her brilliant recitations in the class rooms.

FRED YUTZLER

"The cream of wheat."

That the chemical reaction due to the deflagration caused by the oxidation of an exothermic compound was due to the electrolysis of the volatile molecular elements was discovered by Fred. For the benefit of the uneducated class in this language, Fred is a chemist.



Class History 1915

Officers

President—JOHN C. LEPPART

Vice President—RUTH H. ALDRIDGE

Treasurer—LEON S. MCGARTY

Recording Secretary—MARION B. ROSTISER

Corresponding Secretary—ESTHER L. HOWARD

It is difficult for the remaining classes in the Rome Free Academy to believe that the class of 1915, the mere class which they see painfully toil at their side through four years of study, can be made of finer clay than themselves. In like manner we believe it will be difficult for them to estimate or measure what the class of 1915 has really done.

In June, 1911, we migrated from our home, Barringer Island, to seek higher knowledge. After sailing the high seas for two months, we landed in September on an island called in history, Rome Free Academy. We settled in a small town which bore traces of previous habitation. I do not know whether these ignorant predecessors migrated to some other settlement or disappeared from the earth. As the soil in our new settlement was most excellent, we immediately planted Rice and Wheat, the seeds of which we had brought with us. We raised some Kropp. I assure you in order to clothe our members we wove Flax (ck) and began Spinning. We had numerous visits from the inhabitants of a neighboring settlement, which at first appeared hostile. We also learned from a few stragglers that there were two other groups of settlers on this island but we need not expect that they would notice us for they were very exclusive. Like every strong tribe we soon became embroiled in a struggle with our neighboring tribe. Owing to our Small chief and an expert Bowman we were successful in gaining our rights. Our success also depended upon that

we were Ward(ed)well. As we had defeated our opponents, we took possession of their settlement. Some of our brave warriors, however, had become so attached to our first settlement that they decided to remain in those humble seats.

We received many new members into our tribe at our new settlement. One day one of our members found a Li(e)on wandering in the woods and captured him. Our Tanner wished to preserve its skin but the Parson(s) claimed it was cruel to kill him and would be better to place him in Daniel's den. Because of the resignation of our first chief, we elected a second one. You can ask Iona How well he filled the office. As we had entirely exhausted the means of subsistence in our settlement, during our stay of twelve weary moons, we were forced to move to a more fertile place.

We discovered a deserted village with only a few inhabitants, who seemed to have had strange experiences. We were told then that in order to keep pace with neighboring tribes we must hold a big pow-wow. We gave our neighboring tribes the best pow-wow ever given by a tribe. One of our members took a Dot for a partner to this pow-wow. Our author Scott now came out with her best work, namely, "The Discovery of Perry." Then arose a religious movement by Martin and as a result one of our tribe became a Christian.

As every well educated, well organized, nation rises to eminence over its weaker, ignorant brother nations, so the class of 1915 has climbed. If you have followed the history closely, you know that we have reached our last settlement and are now Seniors. We now number sixty-four, although many have despaired of keeping up to the pace set by the class of 1915 and have been content to be numbered among our lower successors. Some of our members have chosen to follow the lure of the pocketbook rather than intellect. One following the example set by a member of last year's class put to practical test the motto of our Revolutionary ancestors, "In Union there is Strength." Death removed one from us in his Freshman year.

As Seniors we have followed precedent much better in work and sport. The records of our honor students are high among such records. Two of our members carried off the first and third prizes in the Slingerland this year. We have planted a tree and given a class memorial, a picture of St. Gaudens' statue of General Sherman. We have danced in Westernville on Hallowe'en, at the Masonic Temple during the Easter holidays and with the hospitable Juniors in May. We invite you to come to Seegar's after this entertainment is over and see how well we do it. You may not have a chance to see our president lead a grand march with the winner of the first prize in speaking but there will be compensating attractions. I should like to tell the glories of these and other festivities but space forbids. The editors of the Annual, those hard-working Seniors, who have prepared such a literary treat for you, will surely be pleased with your best patronage. Between the covers of this unparalleled production you will find the wittiest jokes, the best pictures, the rarest descriptions and histories, which have never been equaled. We now look forward to commencement with highest hopes and pleasures. As we leave this Academy, we will ever maintain that the class of 1915 is the class of classes. W. U. D., '15.

Class History 1916

Officers

President—S. Harry Beach Jr.

Vice President—Marian E. Beach

Secretary—G. Marion Stranahan

Treasurer—Maurice Smith

Confused shrills, shrieks and roars set our heads spinning and slightly dampened our fresh and ardent young natures that first day in the Academy's hall of learning. But with stout hearts we braved the tumult and serenely took our places. A deafening burst of applause! The before mentioned craniums, already crammed to the bursting point swelled yet more. Our worth was already appreciated.

But alas! to what miserable insignificance did we shrink under Professor Harris's piercing eye as we vainly endeavored to "get his point!" Spare us the relation of Miss Seeley's humiliating English marks and Miss Higham's lectures on conjugation and culture. Enough that by All Fools' Day the last lingering traces of verdure left us and we approached June regents in humbled and subdued spirits.

Our efforts were rewarded when we entered in the Fall as learned Sophomores. Now was the time to prove our superiority over the newcomers and we took advantage of it. Through our untiring zeal 1917 gradually learned a proper respect for their elders and betters. Our influence was also felt in athletics, for not only did we cover ourselves with glory (and considerable grime) on gridiron and diamond, but also showed our loyalty on the sidelines.

Through the maze of irregular verbs, obtuse triangles and puzzling dates of ancient history we forced our way and once more wrested victory from examinations. No longer were we despised underclassmen but noble Juniors.

Up to this time we had modestly kept in the background merely holding meetings for the election of officers. Realizing our importance it occurred to us during the course of the year to compose a document never before evolved by a Junior class of the R. F. A.—namely, a Class Constitution. Our remarkable foresight perceived the value of such an instrument in knitting us together in closer bonds of union. Moreover, the business instincts of some of our members pointed out that, by certain provisions contained therein, Prom. assessments might be more surely forthcoming.

This achievement alone would be sufficient to send the name of the class of '16 ringing through the centuries. It was by no means, however, our only deed of note.

The reception to the Seniors was without doubt (until the lights went out) the most dazzling event of its kind in the annals of the Academy. It was successful in every way, the proceeds surpassing the highest amount ever netted.

Memorial Day found the Assembly Hall transformed by the diligent efforts of some of the class into a veritable floral bower. Others of its members contributed their services to a most enjoyable program in honor of the day.

At present we are growing thin and burning the midnight oil in anticipation of the approaching conflict. But a short time remains before we will be occupying seats in the Senior aisle. Then assuredly will we look back with satisfaction upon our brilliant career as students in the R. F. A.

E. F. M., '16.

One's imagination can travel on and on touching every phase of life and every condition of existence without using up all the possibilities offered in this wonderful Field of Science.

If you are not handsome at twenty, strong at forty, and rich at fifty—you'll die silly, weak, poor and homely.

Class History 1917

Officers

President—THOMAS BARNARD

Vice President—MARGERY ABRAMS

Secretary—HAROLD REYNOLDS

Treasurer—RUTH CARROLL

The first division of our class of 1917 made its appearance in the Study Hall on a stormy Monday morning in January, 1913. After our embarrassing introduction we spent the remainder of our time till June becoming accustomed to the ins and outs of R. F. A. life. Next our graduation exercises from the Liberty Street School took place. These exercises are exceedingly memorable from the fact that outside there was raging one of the most terrific thunder storms of the season.

The next term, some time after school had begun, the Inter-Class Basket Ball games took place at the Y. M. C. A. and I state with pride that our class took first place. By this they won the Spaulding cup, which may now be seen in Mr. Harris's office.

The next events of importance were: The decorating of the Study Hall for the festivities of Christmas week, and the Last Day exercises of the class of 1914. Upon this occasion some of our members received gifts both unique and useful. Joe Queirolo for example, received a large box of "Anti-Fat." Mr. Barnard, as class president, was presented with the Spaulding cup by the Senior president.

Upon our return to school the next September the attention of all was turned toward foot ball. From our class came the mighty Sharrow and also the gladiators, Claribut and Clyde.

After the January exams. Mr. Harris announced our second annual class meeting for the purpose of electing new officers. Mr. Barnard's services had proven so satisfactory that we re-elected him.

At a class meeting this Spring Mr. Barnard read to us the kind invitation to our class to attend the Junior prom. Many of us took advantage of our opportunity and were by no means regretful.

Now our Sophomore days are ended,
But at least there is for some,
Time for fun and hours of study,
In the two years yet to come.

H. R., '17.

S stands for Seniors and it may be seen,
This is the class of nineteen-fifteen.

E is exams which fill us with fear,
And the worst of it is that they come twice a year.

N is for Nichols, a very good scout,
He knows mathematics and all it's about.

I stands for ink, if you use it, take care,
It is apt to tip over, then ill you will fare.

O is the letter which signifies oak;
This tree that we planted is not any joke.

R is for Rome where our school may be found,
A beautiful city and very renowned.

S stands for students who study each day,
But we always are happy in dear R. F. A.

E. V. T., '15

Class History 1918

Officers

President—ARTHUR C. LEVISON

Vice President—OTTO MUNSTER

Secretary—EMERALD SCULLY

Treasurer—HAROLD RATHBONE

To write the history of a class becomes easy when it has developed its characteristics and shown forth its weakness or its strength. Then the historian can deal with facts and trace that individuality which distinguishes classes as well as men. He is not compelled to draw upon his imagination until, like Darwin, from unorganized matter he evolves a man. These general qualities, common to all Freshmen, are not wanting in '18, but it is of our specific characteristics and not of our general freshness that the world desires to hear. The historian of '18 can not tell of years of triumph and academic honors nobly won. But as Freshmen we have some advantages. There is still an opportunity to gain reputation and redeem our past failures. In this respect we are the superiors of any class in the Academy. We may not be in all respects the kind of persons '17, '16 or '15 would have chosen for a Freshman class. We are much too clever and promising, but their opinion was not asked nor their wishes consulted.

In athletics we have fully sustained our reputation (we had none), in base ball and foot ball we have material which will yet show its value. Although we did not succeed in winning the cup in the Inter-class Basket Ball League we surpassed the Seniors by far. In the Indoor Track Meet that closed the winter athletics we won a decisive victory over all three classes. Our hope is in the future; we will profit both by the successes and the fail-

ures in the past. With glory before us and ruin behind, we trust that we shall pass through our next academic year with more flattering success. Our record may not be as high as '17 but it is pure and untarnished.

To our superiors in age, besides being a great help in athletics, we were benefactors at the holiday season of the school year. For who had the good taste, and who could decorate as artistically as we? Last Christmas our class was called upon to use its skill. Early one morning some of the most prominent members were awakened by the call of the alarm clock. It would have been easier not to have heard the summons, but they knew that with them rested the artistic honor of the class. At 7 o'clock the select few were at the assembly hall making the walls again gay. Everywhere were masses of evergreen with red and white paper trimming. And the mistletoe with its pretty white berries was not missing from over the door until later when it ornamented many gay people. The older classmen repeatedly took advantage of the fair weed.

"What wondrous life was that they led?"
"Why, the mistletoe hung above their heads!"

The class of '18 has improved along other lines. When we arrived at the Academy we were considered very "fresh" by the Sophomores (indeed we were).

At last the "freshness" passed away. We have done a bit better work than preceding Freshmen classes. Our conduct has been normal. The names of the members have appeared on the detention lists less frequently than those of the upper classes. We are ably represented on the advisory board of the Academy and our representatives have upheld the honor of the class.

Such has been our record. For our victories we desire no credit. Had we contented with abler opponents they might never have been achieved. As Freshmen we have been a success. As new duties devolve upon us we shall strive to meet them, that, when another year closes our historian may paint us in more glowing colors. A. C. L., '18.

Travels of Oscar and Percy

TOLD BY OSCAR

It was about three o'clock on one hot afternoon in August that Percy and I plodded wearily up the main street of the peaceful village of Bingville. We were tired and foot-sore and asked for the finest hotel so that we might be afforded the luxury of a cooling bath and a juicy beefsteak. A young fellow who looked for all the world like Percy's brother, Reginald, but for the crazy quilt in the seat of his trousers, directed us to the Bingville Tavern. He told us to take the first turn to the left after we passed the town pump and we would come to it.

The Bingville Tavern is a quaint little hotel situated on the side of a hill, but alas, it possesses no bath tubs. As we entered we were met by a short, fat, sleek looking landlord with a dark complexion. Percy decided that he was a Frenchman but I objected as he looked too "COONEY." He assured us of a good bed so we signed the ship papers and were shown a room.

The room was light and airy and overlooked a deep, fierce looking "GULLEY." The beds were said to be as soft as down but we found out about that later. After we had removed several cubic feet of real estate in a small two by four basin we felt quite spry and Percy having powdered his nose to his taste, we decided to view the town.

We had no sooner turned the first corner when we bumped right into an evil looking, greasy Italian carrying a huge "HARP" on his shoulders. We tossed him a few "NICHOLS" and asked him to render us an Italian hoe-down with variations. He said his name was "KIRCHER" and that he could not do it because he was "ALLE(i)N." He seemed quite elated though and said he had met a "MASON" on the road who had given him five dollars. Leaving him we passed across a creek and through a meadow.

We had gone about a hundred yards when we came upon a small boy about five

years old. He was howling loudly and at the same time precipitating profusely from both eyes at once. His extreme anguish touched Percy to the heart and he asked the young fellow what was amiss. The lad ceased lung action and replied in a voice full of sorrow, "Alas, kind sir, while plucking huckleberries in yonder woods I had the misfortune to be "HARRIS" sed in the rear by a "BIELBY", and I now suffer excruciating agony. As an evidence of his sufferings he again took up the cry and left us wondering what sort of a bee a "BIELBY" was. We then retraced our steps and arrived just in time for supper at the tavern.

Upon being ushered into the dining hall we were seated opposite two young ladies. This embarrassed Percy awfully but he attributed it to sunburn and started off to tell about Pikes Peak. When he had finished one of the women remarked, "Ain't that fine? How 'HIGH AM' it?" Of course this terrible use of the English language shocked us extremely, especially when we learned from Gherkins, the butler, that her name was "SEELY." The other maiden was an extremely beautiful peroxide blonde, a perfect "*ANGEL.*" She wore her napkin tied around her neck like a "BIB IN"Stead of placed in her lap.

When we picked up the menu we were puzzled at seeing the startling expression "MALOGNA" on toast a la coffee. Gherkins informed us that it meant "Bologna on toast with coffee to wash it down." We found it was too peppery for our taste so we ordered eggs. Gherkins then asked "Will you 'ave "HALE" or wine with your h'eggs?" We told him grape juice. He soon brought on the repast. When we had finished we waited about half an hour for finger bowls but were in the end forced to use the water pitcher.

Just as we were leaving the dining hall we were startled by a terrific sound in the kitchen. We were about to run to the rescue of whatever was in distress when the trusty Gherkins enlightened us that it was the new cook singing. The old cook had been a Swede but this one was a "NOURSE"man. After being assured and having no desire to beard the monster in his den, we prepared to test the downiness of our couches.

We were about to retire when a bump was heard outside the door and a huge "FOOTE" came crashing through the panel. We went out and there lay a dilapitated specimen of a man very much under the influence. In fact he appeared to have reached complete saturation. He began to speak feebly. "Shay—mishter—be 'I. GOOD?' " We did not know whether he was good or not and as he said he lived on the third floor we entrusted him to Gherkins.

We then lay down and after applying Christian Science enough to change corn husks into feathers we fell asleep to be awakened by the grunting of a pig under the window. We threw him our mattresses. As this seemed to suit all concerned we at last obtained a few hours much needed rest.

A Love Sick Junior

CHARACTERS

THE HERO THE HEROINE THE VILLAIN

SCENE—ROME

My hero was a very popular boy. At least so he thought. His class was the honorable 1916 of R. F. A. His record in athletics was tip top. In base ball he excelled. Last year he had won his "R" at second base. His record in scholarship, too, was real good. But his greatest triumphs were among the members of the gentler sex of the school. His proper place was among the ladies.

Everything was going along nicely when he began to think that perhaps he could find some new ways of being more graceful when making love. One day he noticed an advertisement in the paper which read somewhat as follows: "HOW TO MAKE LOVE in the most approved styles. Written by one who has had plenty of experience. Price 10c. If you are not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded." Here was his chance. But where to get the money? 10c! Twice to the "Star" or "Pop's", and he had only one little five-cent piece! What was to be done?

After much deliberation he finally hit upon a scheme. He would go into partnership with someone. But who shall it be? Why, that fellow who works in the Five and Ten-Cent Store. Having deliberated for some time our hero finally persuaded this salesman, who was a deep-dyed villain, to sign the articles of partnership whereby they went fifty-fifty in the cost, each to have the book on alternate nights.

They compiled a letter to the company and, enclosing ten cents, mailed it. The next few days crept by very slowly, but at length the package came. Upon opening it they found the book, bound in beautiful paper. Along with it was a letter from the author:

Dear Gents:

Here's hoping you find this book helpful. I ain't writing 'cause I need the money but jus for fun. There are two other books entitled, "How to Get a Divorce," and "How to Commit Suicide." These come next in the series. You may need them after the first one.

Yours in love,

I. M. CRAZY.

Our hero and the Gay Deceiver flipped pennies to see who was to have the book for the first night and the choice fell to the former. Fastening the book tightly in his pocket, he started home.

That night he stole softly up into his room and drew a chair out where there was plenty of space. Opening the book he began rehearsing to the chair.

"Good evening, pretty one. Really it seems ages since I saw you last"—Where in Sam Hill—where's the place—Oh, here it is—"Do you know that all the time I see your bright eyes before me"—What—Oh, yes, right here—"No, Mother said I couldn't take

the Ford tonight. Yes, we can sit on the front"—Oh, hang this book—. Let me see, now we are on the front porch. What do I say next? Here's the place. Let's see. The book says (reading):

"Tenderly reach over and gently take her hand. This is a most important step. Your whole future depends upon it. If you are very bashful, you might make some suggestion as to the weather." Yes, that sounds very nice in the book but when you meet an iceberg—Well, anyway, here goes. Let's see, the arm of the chair can represent her hand.

Suddenly a voice spoke from the hallway. "Why! what on earth are you doing, kneeling in front of a chair?"

A startled look came over our hero's face but he managed to stutter, "Wh—why, I am-mm-m studying my physics lesson. We were told to study it this way. Prof. M— says that it leads to higher thought."

"Well, I can't see how kneeling down raises you higher. Of course your physics teacher may expect to go down when the rest of us go up, but that is no reason why you should follow his lead."

We must now pass over a few days. Our hero had practiced hard on every night he had the book so that he thought he could win any girl in the school. The next thing was to find some one to try the new system on. There was the Beautiful Junior, but she was too slow. He would try it on the Merry Sophomore. With great courage he made a date with her for the following Sunday. He considered this a master stroke as they would naturally sit on the porch and he would be spared the necessity of spending money.

Sunday night arrived at last. Our hero was all dressed up in his best-Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. He looked as if he had just stepped out of a fashion plate, more or less (mostly less). But anyway, he was quite some looking boy.

At seven forty-five p. m. sharp, he boldly walked up the steps of her home and gingerly rang the door bell. Instead of the Merry Sophomore opening the door, a lady, whom he recognized as her mother, came. This was a contingency for which the book had made no provision. For a second or two he was completely at loss as to what to say, but he finally managed to mutter a few words with the Merry Sophomore's name at the end.

"Come right in. She will be here in just a minute."

Luckily she left the room then, as our hero had no good topics on hand except the one about the time he knocked three home runs in one inning. He often talked about this occurrence although he forgot to add that this all happened at two-thirty a. m. on a snowy morning in January.

After waiting the minute (which turned out to be ten) for his victim, she finally came. He had never seen her looking so beautiful. Surely his system would be a success.

Talking of minor matters, such as their last mark in English and what was the History for the morning, they walked out and sat on the porch. Our hero thought that he had better not start anything till they had become better settled.

Nine o'clock came and nothing had happened. To be sure, he had progressed as far as sitting beside her in the hammock, but as for "tenderly reaching over and taking her hand", as the book said—Wow—that was a little too hard. He decided, though, to make an attempt in about ten minutes. But at the end of that time they were still the same distance apart. Anyway, he would try something in a very few minutes.

The few minutes passed, and then some more, and yet some more, until the clock boomed out ten o'clock. Ye gods, and he had told his mother that he would surely be home at nine-thirty.

He rose, hastily said "good night", then turned and fled. And to think that he had hoped to hold her hand and kiss her good night! The nearest they had come to that was when the hammock had fallen and their heads had bumped together.

However, he would get more dates and would finally ask her to the Senior class day dance in June. That was going to be a fine night. The dance was to be given by the graduating class, the greatest class that old R. F. A. had or ever would see. It was the class of 1915 and our hero knew that, whatever this class did, it did better than any other.

He did spend many evenings with the Merry Sophomore but somehow what seemed so very simple in the book was so hard to put into practice. At any rate he never had nerve enough, or, as he told himself, an opportunity to try the tests in the book.

Affairs went along till the second week in June. Our hero decided that now was the time to invite her to the dance. He stayed up late that night making up a nice little speech. After much revision, he managed to make what he considered a beautiful piece of literature.

The fatal night for the delivering of the invitation came, as fatal nights have a habit of coming. At nine p. m. exact he began the prologue to his little speech. At nine-fifteen he had reached the first act and at nine-forty-five he had attained the climax, the invitation.

A heavy silence fell over the porch. In fact, it was so heavy that it could have been cut with a knife. Our hero began to get anxious. Why didn't she answer? After a few seconds the answer came, "I am very sorry, but you see you are so slow that I thought you weren't going to invite me, so I accepted the Gay Deceiver's invitation. You know the Gay Deceiver? He works in the Five and Ten-Cent Store. He has a book that I think you need. It is entitled, 'How to make Love.' "

The first mail out of Rome the next morning bore the following epistle:
Sokum, Gud & Co.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find ten cents. Please to send to my address by return mail your book entitled "How to Commit Suicide."

Yours in sorrow,
OUR HERO.
T. H. R., '15.

An Amusing Adventure

"It is fine that we can take our vacation together this year, but where shall we go?" Phil asked of his chum Ted.

"I have just thought of something but perhaps you won't want to do it," Ted replied. "You know we both want to enter the dramatic club here at college next year? Well, I thought it would be good practice to stop at different summer resorts and appear as different people. For instance, we could be two old maids or a newly wedded couple or anything that happens to strike our fancy."

"Let's do it," agreed Phil, delighted with this original idea.

So it happened that about two weeks later a young lady and her mother arrived at quite a large hotel at Sandy Bar.

In the days that followed their arrival Phil, who had assumed the name of Phyllis Turner, became very popular with the young men at the hotel. There were so many who desired her company that Phyllis' time was completely occupied. She rowed and walked, played tennis and danced, always with an admiring flock of males about her.

"May I have the pleasure of taking you rowing, Miss Turner?" asked one of her ardent admirers on a pleasant afternoon.

"I should love to go thank you, Mr. Weston," Phil answered in a high pitched voice.

"Be sure and take your parasol, dear, so the sun won't ruin your complexion," Mrs. Turner admonished before they started off.

"All right, mother," Phyllis answered sweetly and at the same time wishing that the person who had invented parasols had used his brains for something else.

When they reached the pier, Phil started to leap into the boat but caught himself just in time. Instead he daintily held out his hand and was gallantly assisted in.

"Do you swim much?" asked Mr. Weston.

"Like a—" streak, Phil had started to say but ended lamely, "like a—polliwog." He almost chuckled at this, wondering how a polliwog swam. "That is, not very well," he explained.

Just then a gust of wind came along and blew the parasol out of Phil's hand into the water.

"Oh, botheration," he exclaimed, reaching over to grab it.

"Just a minute and I'll—". Mr. Weston had jumped up with the intention of rescuing the parasol but the sudden weight of both young men on one side of the boat was too much and in a moment they had followed the parasol into the water.

Phil started to strike out with long strokes toward shore when the thought of his recent confession about the polliwog struck him.

"Well, I'll be—." Phil had to laugh, but a large wave happening along at that moment choked him so that he was ready to take the part of a drowning maiden when Mr. Weston reached out to assist him.

"Now, if my wig doesn't desert me no one will be the wiser concerning my identity," Phil thought, as Mr. Weston bravely hauled him toward shore.

A few minutes later many people were shocked to see a young lady just rescued from drowning grab up her skirts far enough so that they wouldn't be too great a hindrance, hang on to her head and rush madly toward the bathing houses.

"Oh, Phyllis, dear, will you go walking with me?" Marian Blake, a pretty brunette, asked Phil the next day.

Perfectly willing to experience a little more excitement Phil started out.

"You know I never felt so drawn to anyone in all my life," Marian confided.

Not knowing just how to reply, Phil remained silent. So Marian continued, "I never had a real girl chum before. I always preferred boys but you seem so nice and lovable I feel as if I could tell you anything. You don't mind if I tell you about my latest scrap with Jim, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Then let's sit down here in the sand and I'll explain. Well, the other night Jim and I were sitting in the hammock and it was getting quite late. Jim said we had better go in for I needed my beauty sleep. I told him I didn't. He said that he didn't mean that I wasn't pretty enough and I told him I knew that he did. Then he said, 'All right, have it your own way,' and we haven't spoken since."

By this time Marian was weeping in her handkerchief.

"Now what would you do if you were me?" she sobbed.

"Why, I'd tell Jim that since he really hadn't meant it, everything would be all right."

Then Phil doubled up with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, don't you feel well?" asked Marian, greatly concerned.

"It's nothing. I've had these spells several times lately," Phil answered truthfully.

"Perhaps we had better go back. Oh, I have forgotten my powder and my nose must be a sight. Won't you lend me some?"

"Now isn't that too bad. It just happens that I haven't mine with me either," apologized Phyllis.

"Isn't that always the way," mourned Marian. "But never mind, I don't care as long as we don't meet any men."

Though Phyllis was becoming very popular, Mrs. Turner was also improving her time. She had been making acquaintances with the women at the hotel and was considered a very entertaining talker by them.

One night Phil and Ted were in their room taking off their wigs.

"This sure is fun," and Phil laughed. "Why, some of the fellows tell me that you make a fine chaperon, not too fussy, you know," and Phil roared with laughter as he had not been able to do earlier in the day.

"And the ladies tell me that their sons consider you perfectly charming and quite coquetish." Then Ted joined in Phil's mirth.

"Fire! Fire! the hotel is on fire," shrieked somebody in the corridor, and Phil and Ted found themselves in the mad scramble to get outside.

The fire department arrived and a large crowd collected, but the fire had hardly started and was soon extinguished.

Then it was that Phil discovered he still had on his evening dress but had left his wig in his room.

"May I escort you back to your room, Miss Turn—?" asked Mr. Weston. "Why, who in the dickens are you?" he stammered as he saw Phil's hair.

"I should be delighted, I'm sure," Phil replied in girlish tones, greatly enjoying the fellow's amazement.

Then Phil told him how he had been masquerading.

"Well, that's the best ever," declared the young man, laughing heartily.

Meanwhile, Ted had not been lacking excitement. He, too, had found himself minus his wig and had tried to escape to his room without being noticed.

"But one of the ladies rushed up to him and linked her arm in his, saying, "I am so glad the fire was not serious, aren't you, Mrs. ———? Why, why, I thought you were —why, I beg your pardon."

Then Ted escaped from her and hastened to his room as fast as tight skirts would allow him.

Before going to bed, Phil said, "We sure have had some lark here so let's move on to the next place early tomorrow morning before anyone is up. It may be even greater sport watiing for us there."

E. V. T., '15.

Girls' Prophecy—Class of 1915

About five years after my graduation from R. F. A. my thoughts, one day, drifted back to my high school days and to the class of 1915. As I sat musing on this attractive subject Lowell Gypson, who was then agent for the Ford Motor Company, drove up to my home to take me for a demonstrating ride. Soon we were sailing swiftly along a level stretch of newly completed state road.

We had done some distance when there suddenly appeared an unexpected turn in the road. The power was shut off but in rounding the turn the car left the road and ran upon a bank, throwing both of us out. As I landed squarely on my head and shoulders I was rendered unconscious. While in this condition a strange, vivid dream revealed to me the fate of the maidens of the class of 1915.

First I was entering a department store in a large city. As I stepped up to a counter to purchase an automobile I recognized the floorwalker, standing near, to be my former classmate, Hazel Barnard. I was so surprised that I hardly knew what to say. At last instead of inquiring for a motor car I managed to ask her if she knew the whereabouts of any of our classmates

She replied that there were three working in that store. She pointed out Ora Tanner, who seemed busily engaged as a "Stringer" of beads.

On the way to the automobile department we took an elevator, the operator of which proved to be Eunice Vanderpool.

Miss Barnard told me that Alice Tupper and Justina Williams had established a Rome Conservatory of Music. They had secured talented assistants in the persons of Winifred Wellman and Mary Brodock. There was a department of elocution as well as music at West Branch under the able leadership of Mary Craig and also one at Canterbury Hill under the guidance of Irene Bowman.

Ethel Lambert and Ruth Allen, sympathizing on account of their own sad experiences with high school gigglers, had announced through Gubbins, their agent, that they had perfected a method which would effectively control the laugh. The price for a complete cure being based on the seriousness of the case.

Marion Golley had become an expert stenographer and was employed by her father-in-law at the Oneida County Savings Bank.

Just then, as the proprietor came along, Miss Barnard directed me to the toy department, at which Esther Saxon was clerk, where I purchased my automobile and left.

The first person I met upon reaching the street was my former classmate Virginia Willson, who handed me a glowing yellow poster printed in conspicuous black letters "Lectures on the Advantages of Single Life" to be given at Haselton Hall by Henrietta Walter and Bertha Martin. Alas, my dream refused to give me the knowledge of these thrills.

I walked down the street toward a large sign which read "How to Argue! Hattie McCarthy, Instructor." "Surely she has chosen her lifework wisely," I thought, "in making such use of the trait that made her famous in the high school."

The business section added no information regarding my classmates. A little knowledge of my former friends had aroused my anxiety to complete the list. I would consult a clairvoyant. Just then a large taxi whirled around the corner, bearing the sign, For Hire; McGuire & Company. I hailed the driver and was startled to find that it was Ruth Waller. She said that McGuire owned many cars and she was his most trusted chauffeur. I asked her to take me to a clairvoyant. She took me to certain Madame Idasc who had the power of revealing just what a person was doing by the mere mention of his name. I was met at the door by the strange lady herself. She wore grotesque oriental robes of various colors and carried a wand.

The first name that I gave her was that of Evelyn Carroll. Then in a voice like soft music came these words "I can see very plainly this lady training young leopards."

"Still the industrious Evelyn," I thought as I read the name of Marion Rostiser.

"She," announced the clairvoyant, "has won far famed success as a Latin teacher in the Lee Center High School. She is, however, somewhat jealous of the principal, Helen Dorr."

"Elizabeth Townsend," she continued, in response to my prompting, "is devoting her talent to writing a magazine serial, the title being 'Harold's Troubles.'" "I see the valedictorian of the class, Miss Perry, has just graduated, with similar honors, from a large eastern college and has gone to Europe to restore education, so retarded by the late war, to its former standing." "Iona Howell has married her father's successor in the dentist business."

"Yes, that is what I had expected." But I was stunned as she continued. "Misses Sara Scott and Beatrice De Garmo, assisted by C. Perry, are successors of the Castles as exponents of the latest dances. I echoed King Duncan's sentiments to myself:

> There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face;
> They were persons on whom I built
> An absolute trust.—

"Abbie White has become a noted photoplay writer. Her 'Missing Link' and the 'Captured Chrestien' drew large crowds. In the latter play her sister Ruth has won fame by her spirited acting of the heroine's part."

"Harriette Pillmore has become the wife of the president of the Farmers National Bank."

"Margaret Flack might be seen at different times demonstrating Tip Top Teas and Coffees in store windows. She appears mainly in those newly established hardware store windows, owned by Ruth Aldridge, who conducts several in many Towns-ends cities."

"Bertha Mittenmaier and Elsie Byam, have through faithful work on their part, been sent as delegates to the National Convention of the Women's Political Equality Club at Chicago."

"Esther Howard has become a lawn tennis marvel and has added the Rudkin cup to her list of prizes."

"Ruth Evans is selling Silver steins to fill her spare time."

As I gave the name of the last on my list, Ida Scott, the clairvoyant laughed heartily "Why, don't you know me?" she exclaimed in surprise, "Why I was Ida Scott."

At this a peculiar buzzing sound began in my head, a ringing in my ears grew louder and the dream faded. I could hear voices nearer and nearer. Finally I opened my eyes and found myself staring at two pleasant faces, those of nurses in a hospital, Kittie Williams and Alberta Krebs. They said I had been unconscious nearly two days but all the time had seemed supremely happy.

No wonder, since in one short auto trip I had learned the prospects of the fair ones of the class of 1915.

D. A. T., '15.

Honors of the Class of 1915

First Academic Honor with Valedictory: Mary Edna Perry. Class average, 94.55; examination average, 91.52; final average, 93.54.

Second Academic Honor with Salutatory: Marion Blanche Rostiser. Class average, 95.25; examination average, 89.70; final average, 93.40.

Third Academic Honor: John Culver Leppart. Class average, 92.91; examination average, 88.53; final average, 91.45.

Fourth Academic Honor: Evelyn Teresa Carroll. Class average, 92.75; examination average, 87.06; final average, 90.85.

Fifth Academic Honor: Ora May Tanner. Class average, 92.87; examination average, 84.73; final average, 90.16.

Sixth Academic Honor: Esther Louise Howard. Class average, 92.55; examination average, 80.53; final average, 88.55.

Oratorical Honor: John Culver Leppart. Average, 92.12.

Recitation Honor: Mary Christine Craig. Average, 95.

Boys' Prophecy—Class of 1915

It was the twenty-fourth of June in the year of 1936. I sat on one of the high rocks which line the shore of California. The ocean before me was a mass of grey, green waves topped with fluffy white, melting into opal tints where the rays of the setting sun touched them. The rythmic foam of the breakers below me, the soft lapping of the little waves on the beach nearby were peaceful and soothing. Perhaps it was this or the insistent odor of the wild roses near me that sent my mind back to another twenty-fourth of June. Before my vision came a row of dainty girls clad in fluffy white and behind them another row of jolly black clad boys. It was the class of '15. What could have become of all these lovely maidens and gallant youths?

The sun sank deeper in the west. From a mass of rosy tinted clouds above it, one seemed to separate itself. It came nearer. As I looked it took on the shape of a graceful swan, snow-white except where the sun dyed it a deep crimson.

As it came near, it seemed to bring the sound of wonderful music growing ever in volume and sweetness until it filled the ocean and land with melody. The swan was very near me now. I could feel the soft rush of the air made by his passage. On his back sat a beautiful mermaid with hair like dried seaweed and a body of glittering, gleaming color. She beckoned to me and I felt the peculiar sensation of being lifted through the air by invisible hands. Still the stately, wondrous music continued, paralyzing body and soul. The swan's passage through the air was swift and sure. Suddenly the swan disappeared from under us and I found myself in the depths of the ocean. I felt no sensation of drowning. I did not try to swim. I simply walked, with magnificent caves of green and gold and blue all about me. The mermaid was beside me. We entered the largest, highest room I had ever seen. It was like being suspended in the middle of the universe, for the ceiling and walls were so distant that they appeared like sky.

Before me, however, was a shell about as high as I was and of somewhat oval shape. Above it hung a golden cloud, transparent and filmy. The mermaid touched it and the music, which had become dulled, grew in volume and sweetness. The melody changed and became a great march. I could hear the sound of tramping feet. A voice chanted in piercingly sweet tones: "Behold the boys of '15." The golden cloud shifted, changed and in its depths I saw a picture being formed. It was evidently a mill, tall and stable. The picture grew plainer. I could see the sign "Carroll and Leppart Knitting Mill." As I looked I saw a man rather fleshy but with the same close black hair and the old familiar grin step out of the door. It was the worthy president of the class of '15. Before I could get a good look, however, the clouds grew misty. The picture was gone. Another was coming, though. It was a court room. High on a dais sat, in a becoming gown and wig, the judge, whom I instantly saw to be our old school fellow, Ralph Spinning. As I looked I beheld a policeman entering dragging a forlorn looking culprit by his collar. At his first words, "Your Honor", I knew him to be none other than Tommy Preston. As I looked closely I found the prisoner to be another '15 fellow, Roy Wheat. Tommy was speaking.

"Your Honor, I found this blithering idiot out on the street wailing 'Alice, where art thou?' " As I was thinking that Roy always was fond of that name, the picture changed.

I saw a mighty field filled with the fluttering wings of millions of air machines. A vast crowd of cheering people crowded the spaces between. At my surprise the mermaid, who had been silent, said: "This crowd is gathered to give praise to Lowell Gypson, who, having modeled an air machine after his famous Metz car of '15, is being praised for bringing this means of enjoyment to the common people."

The picture showed the American corner, Rome. Leon McGarty, Melville Collins and Gerald O'Brien were still arguing about the 1915 class memorial.

But lo, the cloud contains a picture of blooming fields and grassy slopes, of waving trees and chuckling brooks. A long avenue presents itself. A notice above it gives information, "Evans and Felshaw, Scientific Farming." "So Clyde has married Grace and settled down to farming," I mused aloud.

"Oh no, indeed," exclaimed the mermaid, "this is a side issue; Clyde is Postmaster General of the United States."

The gorgeous tents and scenes of a circus came into view. The curtain of a tent labeled " Freaks" was drawn somewhat aside. A large crowd were gathered about a fat man whom I saw to be George Williams. Close at hand Everiss Kessinger was posing to the admiring crowd as a living skeleton.

A newspaper advertisement in the next picture gave me the clue to another schoolmate. It read "Buy your sweets at Aldrich and Townsend's, wholesale dealers in fancy candy."

Now a magnificent fleet passes before me. Tommy Rudkin is captain of the bonny "Peggy Howard."

The brilliant stage of a theater filled the cloud with light. A violinist stepped forward; as he drew his bow across his strings I remembered him, our friend, Chester Parsons, now giving a concert in honor of the first Madame President.

Then I was in Congress. Melvin Page and Jack Fuller were giving an excellent imitation of a 1915 class meeting.

The pictures passed in rapid succession. I saw Pud Rice a successful editor of a large paper, modeled after the Senior Annual; I saw Willis Daniels a famous writer of "Advice to the Lovelorn"; William Bird a prosperous business man, Howard Countryman a bachelor farmer and Ott. Thomas still looking for a girl.

Now the cloud raised ever so gently and poised lightly in the air. As it settled back the good old R. F. A. came before my vision. There was evidently a jubilee going on, for the students were collected on the lawn in front of the school. / As I watched they were unveiling a statue as a token of gratitude to Spencer Kropp, who had invented an instru-

ment to melt the heart of Prof. Mason. Among the crowd gathered I recognized Fred Yutzler, who was now teaching Geometry, and Leslie Faulds, who was serving in a new department of Mechanical Engineering.

Suddenly the cloud was gone. I turned to the mermaid.

"But whatever became of Paul Goetz and Sam Wardwell?"

"Oh, they're sporty bachelors who live around at all the different clubs in the United States. You'll come across them sooner or later so it wasn't worth while to show them to you."

Then I felt a miserable feeling of cold water. I had forgotten that I was in the bottom of the sea. I shivered and jumped and found that having gone to sleep I had slipped in cold salt water. With disgust I gathered my things about me and fled to the hotel.

K. I. B., '15.

The Shakespeare Study

After Christmas vacation Miss Seely extended an invitation to the literature class and to any others interested to meet once a week to read Shakespeare's works. The first play we undertook was "Hamlet", whose acquaintance we enjoyed immensely. We wept with Ophelia, plotted with the King, grew troubled with the Queen and hesitated with Hamlet. We came to know and like the characters so well that the last scene grieved us much.

The completion of this play was celebrated by a spread and a jolly good time.

After this the club divided, one part going on with the reading of Shakespeare, the other taking up a play of Goldsmith.

The first read "King Henry the Fourth" and parts of "Henry the Fifth", studying especially the humorous character, "Falstaff."

The latter learned parts of "She Stoops to Conquer", finding Tony, Miss Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle very amusing.

We are all sure that our study of Shakespeare has been very entertaining and that we have grown to know the great writer better.

K. I. B., '15.

Winners of School Prizes

Evelyn Teresa Carroll, first prize in Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest.

Samuel Harry Beach Jr., second prize in Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest.

Kathleen Irene Bowman, third prize in Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest.

Harry Prosser, first prize in 1914 Davis Essay Contest.

Junior Reception

In accordance with a time-established precedent, the Junior reception to the Seniors of the Rome Free Academy was held in Seegar's Dancing Academy on Friday evening, May 7. The committees in charge performed their duties in an excellent manner and it was one of the most enjoyable Junior "Proms" ever given. The hall was prettily decorated with a large sign "1916" in green and pink lights occupying the center of the balcony.

Shortly before 9 o'clock about 75 couples entered the spacious room by means of the Stanwix Hall and took part in the grand march, led by Miss Evelyn Carroll and John Leppart. This certainly was the most attractive feature of the evening's festivities to the spectators in the gallery. But another matter must be taken into consideration, for there was that ever-ready and indispensable punch bowl which did a "Russian Business" and was the center of attraction for those weary dancers. 'Twas said by Avon's mighty bard, "The quality of mercy is not strained"—and neither was the punch.

Many guests were present from out of town. In all, eighteen numbers were danced, but the orchestra certainly earned their due as about every number was heartily encored and heartily responded to.

At 11:30 or thereabouts there was general movement in the direction of Stanwix Hall for the purpose of allaying the excruciating pangs of hunger which manifested themselves to the weary gliders. Then they came back resuscitated, and danced with new life. However, all good things must come to an end, and the young people at last took their departure for home. Each youth confided to his fair companion that he had a most delightful time, and this sentiment was heartily endorsed by the maiden.

R. E. S., '15.

The Senior Hallowe'en

Hallowe'en! What visions that name brings. What a mystical state of mind it puts one in. You see a brilliant moon riding high; the milky way stretches clear across the zenith. The moonbeams expose fairy grottos, haunts of witches and lo! over there where the friar's lantern is being borne zigzaggedly along by some imp of the bog, Goblins are reveling, dancing on the hugh checkerboard of light and shade, formed by the moonbeams filtering thru the trees. Old Feathertop presides over their sports, smoking his concob pipe, and nods his pun'kin head in satisfaction, keeping time with the music much to the dismay of his foster mother who is afraid that some malicious zephyr will blow out his pipe and so end his life. Enough!

You non-poetical readers would not believe in these visions anyway. To you the revelers are but cornstalks; the master of ceremony's head is but a pumpkin, as it were; his sparkling eyes and sputtering pipe but drops of dew glistening in the moonlight. So let us get down to concrete facts.

Such a night it was and in such an atmosphere of mystery were the Seniors and those that went with them, on that ne'er to be forgotten Hallowe'en party. Closely packed but comfortable, the students killed time until the two hours consumed in the ride were passed, which, as in most cases, went altogether too fast. We were delighted and amused, enraptured and captivated by the wonder, pathos and emotion expressed in the singing of the school soloist, Reynolds, before whom Caruso would blush e'en as a rose before the pink cheeks of Cleopatra.

Mathematically speaking the chaperons were not very well distributed, but they arranged themselves to their own liking and had, at least so it is rumored, a very good time. Anyone wishing further enlightenment on this subject should communicate with Wrink Williams, whose entire time and effort were given to chaperoning the chaperons.

As we have said, Reynolds sang, and the moonbeams took up his song and wafted it to the ears of the dozing rustics, who opened their windows and listened and were truly amazed. Then Townsend sang and the moon hid her face in a cloud, and astronomers say that there was a violent eruption on its face that night, and of such force that the moon will never be the same again.

Westernville reached, the inhabitants of Rome were made aware of the fact in short order. "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here," is an old song but it answers a purpose and by that purpose the Westernvilleites were benefited. They were awakened both literally and figuratively. Never before had they beheld such a pageant of youth and folly. Never before had such lusty voices awakened echoes in that old station of the Underground Railway. They surely thought the Kaiser had come.

Who cares to know the dances we went through? Some of them were ancient history, some should belong to the twenty-fifth century. Thomas must have danced for the fiddling Nero, Wardwell and his Baldwinsville friend must have been intimate acquaint-

ances of Vernon and his spouse, while Clifford, ah, that amourous rascal, was very clever on his feet. Beach was there and sort of united things, by bringing the belle of Greenway to adorn the temple of Westernville.

Yes, they had cider and sometimes the cider had them. One student was heard to remark, I think it was Sammy, that the beverage he had just drinked tasted as tho it might have traces of cider in it. There was about half a can left, but from that day to this nobody knows where it went. The only clue available was the fact that a pedestrian on the State road saw a car, making its way heavily along the highway from Westernville to Rome, and instead of giving out the odor of gasoline it smelled strongly of cider.

After a bountiful feed and some very fine coffee, which sort of neutralized the effect of the other beverages, dancing was resumed with increased vivacity. At promptly two o'clock the eloquent Mr. Good told us in a mighty flow of words that we must come home now.

For some unaccountable reason, it was found impossible to get all the students back into the wagons. There seemed to be a sudden shrinkage of space. Prof. Allen set his mathematical brain at work and soon found that the aforesaid Wrink Williams had stretched his fair form over no less than ten square feet of wagon. Prof. then got to work again and solved the following problem: That one wagon minus eight square feet of Wrink's form would hold ten more students. This was demonstrated by him and we all started for home. Countryman crooked his arm around the post at the back of the wagon and hung there suspended thruout the trip. Dutchy Doyle lost his girl in the mad rush for seats and walked home. But they were in an entirely different mood on the return journey from that in which they started out. For on the way home god Morpheus had touched their eyelids and most of them had sunk into a delicious slumber which lasted until the city was reached.

And so it ended. The moon had set, the witches had abated their revels, Feathertop's corncob pipe had gone out, and Night was clothed in his blackest robe.

G. J. V., '14.

The Easter Dance

The class of nineteen-fifteen outdid the previous classes by giving an Easter dance. The unusual event took place on Friday evening, April 9th. The party was certainly well chaperoned, for four of the girls' mothers and Mr. and Mrs. Staley attended. As many of the class were out of town at this season and some had other engagements we did not have as large a gathering as we had hoped for. But at least we enjoyed one advantage from this; we were able to help the Chamber of Commerce promote "Safety first" by lessening the danger of collisions. Everyone had a delightful time and greatly enjoyed the novelty of having a Senior dance as a climax to our Easter vacation. E. V. T., '15.

Senior Sleighride

Whenever you hear February 12, 1915, mentioned you readers at once think of it as Lincoln's birthday. This important date is the anniversary of that very great man, to be sure, but it also commemorates a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, one which will ever present fond memories to think upon in after years for those who were present. This auspicious occasion is none other than the Senior Sleighride.

Let me comment briefly upon the stage setting. The night was ideal. It was as if a million candles lighted up the heavens across which the moon slowly crept in all her silvery radiance. All this superfluity of light might have been a great incumbrance but the chaperons were deeply engaged, especially Mr. Good. The air was just crisp and cold enough to encourage various methods of keeping warm, calling forth the resourcefulness of the worthy Seniors. Jimmy Spargo responded as if it were forty below, while to gaze upon Tommy Rudkin's cherubic face and to take an inventory of his position one would think 'twas ninety in the shade. I wondered if he and Prof. had exchanged jobs.

At about twenty minutes after seven two sleighs and one pullman left the high school building. Just a word in regard to this pullman. It was a large, roomy affair on four runners. Its equipment consisted of an extra large amount of soft, sweet smelling hay and blankets and a cozy corner for four. The pullman also had the best motive power. Those who rode in it can appreciate the extreme comfort experienced compared to the other two. These three conveyances were filled with Seniors, friends, chaperons, and eats. After a very enjoyable ride of five minutes, for so it seemed, we arrived at Liberty Hall, Westernville.

Everyone piled out and headed for the warmth of the building. Suddenly a cry of dismay was heard. Where was Justina Williams? She must have been sick to have missed a dance. Then turning around whom should we see but Justina and Grace Rudd accompanied by two young hopefuls coming up the road in Williams's delivery sleigh. They thought they were in a jumper. It seems that they had missed the 7:20 due to a blow-out or something and were forced (?) to take a jumper (?) since Justy just had to come and dance.

And then all adjourned to the upper story where McLaughlin's Orchestra furnished the necessary incentive for dancing. You should have seen the worthy Seniors. To see Elizabeth Townsend perform the latest fancy steps and Fat Howland tango would bring tears to your eyes. We were disappointed in that H. Gorton spent most of his time down stairs by the fire but he probably was cold on the way up. Prof. Nichols, as usual, distinguished himself among the fair sex. All the damsels cast admiring glances on Ruth Waller's Russian duke.

At about twelve the eats committee announced that supper was served and of course everyone went down to breakfast. Fat Howland came again in the limelight. The repast was fine and enjoyed by all although a few of the sandwiches had been reposed upon, the sugar had a sour taste, vinegar, and the pickles were a bit seedy, having been sorted out of the hay.

Dancing continued until two a. m., when the party broke up to depart for the Eternal city. The numerous qualities of the pullman being then known everyone made a dive for it and as a result several couples were forced to sit on Sliv Kessinger's long legs which extended half way down the sleigh. We were delayed about ten minutes restoring kingbolts which R. Spender and H. Lynch had strolled about eighteen miles to remove.

Everyone was noticeably quiet although we should like to know why Ruth White commented on the beauty of the men so often. We admit that we had *some* bunch of chaperons. The ride home was uneventful as far as could be seen except that one sleigh attempted to run over a buggy. We arrived home with the milkman as the alarm clocks were giving their warnings for five. Alas, for the poor Senior who must go to work in about two hours. Still it was worth it, for you must admit that barring Kessinger's legs it was a sleighride of sleighrides.

J. C. L., '15.

The Trial

The students of the commercial law class of the Rome Free Academy, assisted by Prof. Good, held a mock trial in the Assembly Hall of the Academy on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 26 and 27. The object of the trial was to give the other students an opportunity to witness the form of a regular court trial.

The judge was DeForest Mills ,and the attendants were: Court crier, Harry Crider; court clerk, Alfred Thomas; constables, Charley Williams, Charles Sharrow, Morrison Parks and Willis Daniels; stenographers, Oliver Lewis and Lee Case.

At 7:30 Monday evening the case was called for trial. The case was an action to recover damages of $10,000 for alleged misrepresentation of a farm sold to the plaintiff in the fall of 1912. The plantiff was Francis Chrestien, who came here from Texas and purchased the farm from Thomas Preston. The farm was situated on Turin road.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were Tremain Hughes and Donald Schwarz and they called as their witnesses: George Williams, Chrestien's foreman; Lester Williams, a neighbor, and William Smith, a farm expert, real estate man, etc.

The attorneys for the defendant were George Vierow and Leslie Faulds, who called as their witnesses: Thomas Rudkin, Preston's farmhand, and John Leppart, a financier, of whom Preston borrowed money to buy the farm.

The interesting features of the trial were the cross-examination of the attorneys, showing the traps set to confuse the witnesses; and the summing up of Vierow and Hughes. which showed their ability as lawyers. The amusing features of the trial were George Williams's confusion as to when he planted hay; and William Smith's inability to remember when he graduated from college.

After the summing up the case went to the jury who after a few minutes' deliberation returned with a verdict of "no cause for action", and thus ended a very successful mock trial.

A. T., '15.

Slingerland Contest

The twelfth annual Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Assembly Hall of the Rome Free Academy on Friday evening, March 26. The hall was filled with a most attentive audience. Prof. H. W. Harris, seated at the left of the platform, which was prettily decorated with potted ferns and palms, announced the speakers. Prof. V. G. Boehnlein's Orchestra furnished the music for the evening.

The first speaker was Francis Eugene Chrestien, who had for his declamation "The Trial of Ben Thomas." His well modulated voice showed the result of excellent training and his ability.

"The Man Out of Employment" was the topic of Lyle Johnston Howland's declamation. His powerful, persuasive manner won great favor from the audience.

The third number was a recitation, "The Story of Patsy", given by Evelyn Teresa Carroll. Here the strong feature was the sympathetic interpretation of the feeling of a child.

Harry Mower Crider declaimed "The Modern Minotaur." His clearness and force in his speaking indicated a talent for oratory.

The fifth number on the program, "The Sign of the Cross", was omitted on account of the illness of the speaker, Mary Christine Craig.

Ralph Edmund Spinning in the declamation, "The Mission of America", handled the subject in a self-possessed, admirable manner.

The attractive, unaffected manner in which Hattie Ellen McCarthy recited "The Governor's Last Levee" won for her much admiration.

Samuel Harry Beach declaimed "The Lesson Taught Us by Europe's War." He held his audience in a splendid manner with his clear, expressive and well modulated voice, proving his great ability.

"Mercedes", a difficult dramatic selection, was rendered by Kathleen Irene Bowman. She portrayed her characters remarkably and her gestures were perfect.

The last number on the program was the declamation, "War and Public Opinion", by G. F. Roy Wheat. Those of us who have heard his former rhetorical appearances were not disappointed in the enthusiastic energy of his rendering.

The judges of the contest were Prof. Elmer W. Smith of Colgate University, Miss L. Eugenie Hare of the Utica Conservatory of Music and Principal Edward H. Rider of the Canastota High School. While they were preparing their report Boehnlein's Orchestra relieved our suspense by several selections. When the judges returned Prof. Smith announced the awards as follows: Third prize of $10 to Kathleen Irene Bowman, second prize of $15 to Samuel Harry Beach, first prize of $40 to Evelyn Teresa Carroll.

The thanks of the contestants and their friends is given heartily to Miss M. Louise Maloney, who so patiently, willingly and successfully helped each to the best interpretation of his selection.

E. T. C., '15.

Class Poem

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
A tale of the class which leaves this year.
After finishing all of the work that's required
Our four years in High School have now expired,
And the time of departure draws near.

They say that our class is the largest one
That's ever gone from the R. F. A.
And we have obtained from our work and fun
At least three things in our four years' stay:
The first is our knowledge, and second our friends,
And last there is etiquette, which all depends
On whether we follow the lectures we hear,
The ones Mr. Harris delivers each year,
For from them we gain wisdom to fit every sphere.

In the study of English we learn how to write
On all sorts of themes, both stupid and bright,
And it teaches us how to compose a fine note,
And to argue the subject that "Women Should Vote".
When we take mathematics we soon learn to add
The amount we have borrowed from mother or dad.
In Algebra classes our marks were all low,
The problems were difficult working and so
We just let X equal what we didn't know.

While we sit and all yawn in our history class,
They tell us that negroes still live in the south,
That Demosthenes discoursed with stones in his mouth,
And this is the subject that's hardest to pass.
In the science department we fix in our mind,
If it wasn't for eyes, we all would be blind.
In the lessons we learn there we also may find
That the moon in the sky is not made of green cheese;
That formaldehyde kills all the germs of disease.

So our mental capacity surely has grown,
With all of this knowledge that we have acquired,
And now we will mention the friends we have known,
For that is the one thing that's greatly desired.
We wonder if anyone happens to know
A place as well fitted for friendship to grow

As our school house which has several places to meet,
While the portico furnishes many a seat,
And the reference table is too well supplied,
With girls telling secrets that they must confide.

Now we come to the etiquette; this we've attained
From choice bits of advice which were so often heard,
And the most of this knowledge that now we have gained,
Has resulted from something that we've done absurd.
For instance, the gum chewing habit is wrong,
And if we don't stop it before very long,
Our jaws will give out so we can't even speak.
How sad each would feel to become such a freak!
The throwing of paper wads shouldn't be done,
But at least from this exercise something is won,
It develops the talent for playing base ball;
I guess this year's team didn't throw them at all.

And now when you realize all we must know,
Don't you think it is time for our class to go
And let all the classes in each after year,
Endeavor to study as we did while here?

E. V. T., '15.

Music In The Academy

Interest in the gentle art of music in the Academy has been the greatest this last year that it has ever been. We now possess not only an enthusiastic chorus but an excellent orchestra and a rare Glee Club. A large amount of credit is due Miss Nourse for the development of these three bodies, but of course we can not omit the students for it took work and attention upon their part as well to bring these matters to the condition in which they are.

Let us pay a visit to the Academy on a Wednesday morning and see and hear what happens. First we are entertained by an excellent rhetorical program. Then there is a great commotion and again all is silence. We hear a voice call out a page, a few opening strains on the piano follow and then the room is filled with a volume of harmonious sound. This delightful part of the program lasts until ten o'clock, when classes begin.

If we are lucky enough to have come on the right day we shall be treated to a selection by the Rome Free Academy Symphony Orchestra. We see a procession of boys come through a door each carrying an instrument and led always by our well-known amber-haired violinist and at the end a huge bass violin seeming to drag in a small musician. By peering around the sides of the instrument we can get glimpses now and then of the light-haired musician who wields the bow. Then follows wondrous productions led by Miss Nourse and at the end of each tumultuous applause.

But ah, we shall never forget the appearance of the Glee Club. One morning when we thought our program was over we were startled to see eight stalwart youths mount the rostrum. They lined up and at a signal from our chief musician (?) rendered two quartet selections for our benefit. The huge bulk of Beef Hendy, the lean form of Sliv Kessinger, the majestic Spinning, the sedate Perry rumbled forth baritone and bass while our hero, Kid Hughes, and the dapper Pic Reynolds squeaked high tenor. Of the second tenors nothing need be mentioned; they speak for themselves. Needless to say when these productions were ended students responded with a great ovation.

Again the credit goes to Miss Nourse for the unearthing of such notable warblers. We may truthfully say that for the members of the Glee Club and of the Orchestra a great future in the musical world is assured. Then, too, may our chorus continue always to prosper in the future as it has done this last year.

J. C. L., '15.

FOOT BALL SQUAD—1914

Football, 1914

ROME	38	CAMDEN	0
ROME	0	COLGATE	34
ROME	13	AUBURN	2
ROME	0	UTICA	34
ROME	49	SYRACUSE	7
ROME	24	CAMDEN	0
ROME	0	MORRISVILLE	0
ROME	0	MORRISVILLE	14
ROME	0	UTICA	20

The setting of the sun on the evening of November 26, 1914, marked the close of one of the most successful foot ball seasons Rome has ever known. The season was remarkably satisfactory in all ways. The team won four, lost four and tied one game. Financially also the season was excellent. At the beginning of the season there was not money enough in the treasury to provide equipment for the team but the members of the team generously loaned the money necessary and all was well. From the beginning to the end of the season, good sized crowds watched the performance of our representatives. And after the Utica game, which was attended by almost half the population of Rome, our manager announced a two hundred and ninety dollar profit.

And now let us see who is who and why among our warriors. First, we see G. W. Guyer running about the field of practice, teaching his proteges running, tackling, trick plays and everything necessary for the development of a good foot ball team. And let it be understood that our coach is one whose ability can not be overestimated. Though his position was not financially one to be envied, nevertheless he took a deep interest in his work and certainly brought forth results. Manager Williams must be lauded for his sat-

isfactory work, due to his great interest and pride in his occupation. As to the men who did the work, naturally we must consider the "R" men first. Of these there are twelve. At center we find two good men have served: Clifford started the season here but as he was gradually moulded into a half back, we see Leppart develop into one of the best linemen Rome has had, filling the position well for the larger part of the season. Both these men were fast, aggressive and strong on the line. As guards we see Spinning and Charlie Williams, both hard, consistent players. During the latter part of the season, Spinning was changed into a half back and made a fine record in this position. At tackles are Sharrow and Wardwell, both experienced "R" men of former years. Their excellent work can not be too highly commended. At ends, Reamore, Money and Levison at various times stopped the end runs of opponents and earned much honor for themselves. Behind this human wall we find Hughes, captain and quarter back. His steady, level head helped through many tight places while as a ground gainer he was among the best. At full back we see Crider. His line bucking was a revelation to those who watched him. Goetz played a good game throughout the season, sometimes at half back but more often at full. Wardwell, Spinning, Clifford, Hughes and Money played half back at different times. Among the members of the squad there are three players who would probably have won their letters had it not been for injuries received on the field of battle. These were Beach, half back; Parks, tackle, and Spellicy, end. All made fine showings while they played but injuries deprived the team of their services during part of the season. Hendy took part in seven games but difficulty with studies, caused by insufficient midnight oil, kept him away during the greater part of the time. Lee, McGarty, Rudkin, McKay, S. Williams and Maxted played parts of different games during the season and all made excellent records on the field.

The first game of the season was scheduled with the team representing East Syracuse High School. Evidently these would-be heroes of the gridiron had heard of the ability of R. F. A. teams of yore for at the last minute they decided that it was best to cancel this game. But our worthy manager aroused himself and secured a game with the team from Camden High School. It was a rather slow game, marked only by the steady gaining of the hard working Rome team. The visitors never once became dangerous.

On October 3 the heavy Colgate Scrubs came to this city to contest honors with our team. During the first quarter no score was made and it was thought that the Rome team could hold their opponents but the great weight and superior speed of the college team had its effect and Rome Free Academy's foot ball team went down to defeat for the first time since November 16, 1912.

On October 10 the schedule called forth the warriors of R. F. A. to do battle with the fast Auburn team. Wardwell featured the game by his long gains around end. The game was marred slightly by the fact that the Auburn team argued over nearly every decision of Referee Judy Carroll. But, nevertheless, Rome came out on top.

On Columbus day, October 12, the team and about half the students journeyed to Utica to play with U. F A.'s representatives. Being in poor condition because of playing a game with Auburn only two days before, the team had lost much of its pep. Thus

Utica defeated Rome for the first time in five years. Many of the Utica referee's decisions did not find an echo in the minds of Romans and it looked as though an unlucky fate was backed by an unfriendly referee.

On the following Saturday Rome was scheduled to battle with the Adams High School team. Every member of the Rome team was filled with a spirit of vengeance and the visiting team was in for it. But the guardian angel of the Adams team intervened by causing a tremendous precipitation of water vapor, thus saving Adams from certain slaughter.

It was October 24 before Rome had a chance to get back at someone. When the chance came, the team did things right. Syracuse Technical High was the victim. The game was featured by the constant gaining of Rome, especially championed by Hughes and Beach. When at last the conflict was over, Rome was on top.

On Election day Rome traveled to Camden and in a rather dull contest defeated this team for the second time. The work of Beach again featured but he was injured near the end of the first half. Since he was laid up until the Utica game, Rome lost the services of one of her best players. Again Rome was victorious.

On November 7, a team representing the Morrsville State Agricultural School came here as our opponents. Even though the visitors were heavier than the home team, Rome's speed made up for it. Although the game was played in a drizzling rain, it was nevertheless interesting. Both teams worked hard but neither could gain an advantage and the game ended scoreless.

On November 14 our sturdy heroes contended again with the Morrisville Aggies, this time on the ground of the Aggies. Our team was in rather poor condition. They had had to get up early, ride to Oneida and thence to Morrisville on a "peanut jenny." Then the fellows had to walk part of the two miles from the station to the field. Without any rest at all, our team put on their uniforms and emerged upon the field, ready for battle. Thus it is seen that they were greatly handicapped. In this game Hughes and Beach were unable to play because of previous injuries. But all this did not prevent Rome from playing a very fine game, keeping the Aggies from scoring in the first half. In the second half, however they scored two touchdowns and kicked both goals, at the same time holding Rome scoreless. Our greatest loss was suffered, however, not on the field but on the way home when Leppart accidentally threw Spinning's hat out of the train window. But as Mr. Good has said, Ralph has succeeded in getting another one large enough to fit him.

On November 26, Thanksgiving day came the second game with Utica. A large crowd turned out to see the two teams wallow in the mud. During the first half the honors were even but in the second half the visitors got away for a touchdown and from then on the result was not in doubt. The latter part of the game had to be played in the gleam of auto searchlights. The score of this game showed that the Rome team had greatly improved since the first Utica game.

In recognition of the good work done by the team, the student body, immediately after the Christmas vacation, voted to give each "R" man on the team a sweater valued at $3.50. The students also gave Mr. Guyer a purse of fifty dollars. And in the happy days of the distant future may the members of the foot ball squad of 1914 look back with joy and pride in their hearts upon the recollection that they at one time helped to uphold the honor of "dear old R. F. A."

L. S. M., '15.

Athletics

Faculty Managers

Base Ball—Mr. H. I. Good

Foot Ball—Mr. F. L. Mason

Track—Mr. A. O. Allen

Student

Managers	*Captains*
Base Ball—Morrison F. Parks	Edgar Money
Foot Ball—George Williams	Tremain Hughes
Track—Charles Sharrow	Melville Collins

Track 1915

In previous years track athletics have always been a cast down; this year, however, there dawned a new spirit. Considerable interest has been shown by the students at meetings held during the term.

After many debates the school voted to give $25.00 to be used for the purchase of material for track. Some of the most needed material was purchased. With this to inspire them our team this year though comparatively small has worked hard and showed great spirit.

During the early part of the term an indoor track meet was held at the Y. M. C. A. between the different classes of the Academy. It proved to be a successful meet, Levison breaking the Academy record for the high jump by jumping 5 feet 2 inches. Lee also was prominent in the broad jumps and short distance races. Lee has been vaulting over 9 feet without any practice. Future prospects of the track team are: Hoag, Howland, Lederfeind, Lee and Levison.

R. F. A. has received yearly many invitations with guarantees from the best colleges and academies to take part in the interscholastic track meets. In a number of cases individuals attended these meets; although not taking honors, they at least ran their race. This year the manager and captain decided to send a team to take part in a meet at Syracuse University. The object in sending this team was not to show our skill, but to gain experience. One feature of the day was Levison leading in the half mile for one and one-half times around the quarter-mile track. The men present at the meet were Levison, Hoag and Howland.

In general, track athletics should appeal strongly to the whole student body of the R. F. A. In this branch there is much more chance for every student, while in foot ball and base ball there is not the chance for every student. In track there is no limit as to the number to take part. If there is wise management, there is no reason why there should not be contests for the girls as well as the boys.

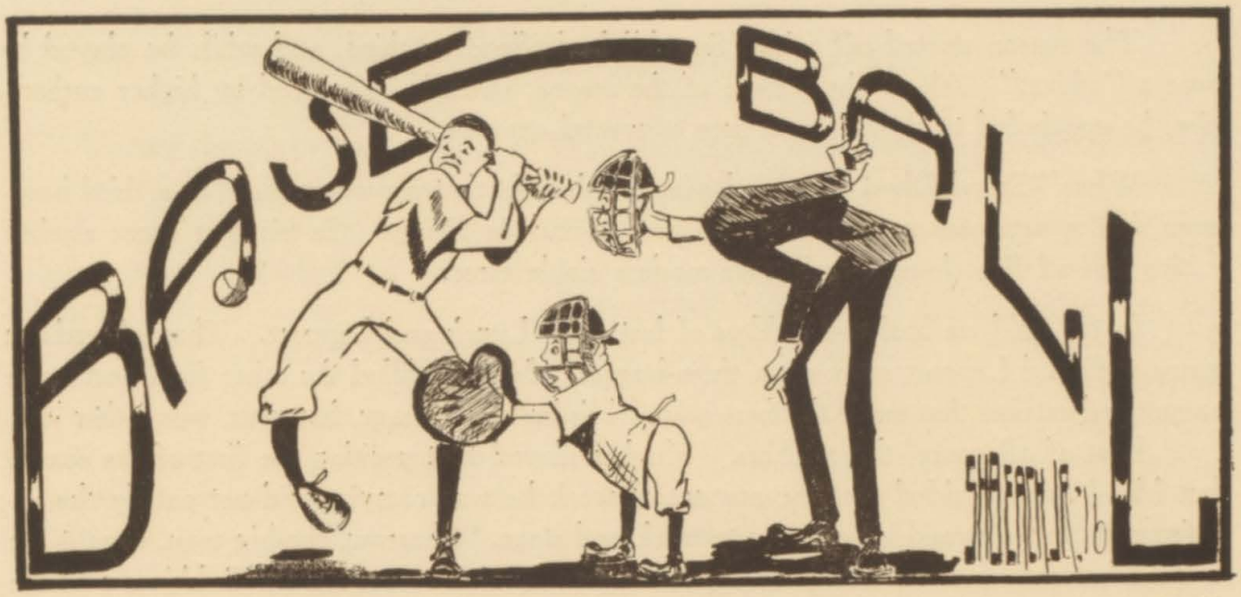
There is splendid material to work up into a good fast track team, and providing we have the spirit and material to work with in the future years, there are great hopes of making track one of the leading athletics in R. F. A.

May another year bring forth this desire?

M. G. C., '15, Captain.

Senior Statistics

Class Doll	M. Flack
Class Grafter	Leon McGarty
Class Boss	Irene Bowman
Class Musician	C. Parsons
Class Compromiser	M. Page
Class Thinker	Elizabeth Townsend
Small Feet	C. Felshaw
Class Flirt	H. Countryman
Class Bachelor	Spencer Kropp
Old Maid	Esther Howard
School Pet	Ruth White
Cheerful (L -- --)	Hattie McCarthy
Most Clever	Mary Craig
Most Changeable	Ralph Spinning
Most Sober	Tom Preston
Handsomest	Alice Tupper
Brightest	Edna Perry
Wittiest	Gerald O'Brien
Cutest	Alfred Thomas
Noisiest	Tom Preston
Heaviest	Ethel Lambert
Lightest	Tom Rudkin
Tallest	Justina Williams
Shortest	Winifred Wellman
Meekest	Ora Tanner
Laziest	John Leppart
Most Popular	Sam Wardwell
Most Modest	Ida Scott
Most Peaceful	Ralph Spinning
Most Foolish	(We Wonder)
Most Delicate	Kitty Williams
Surest of Heaven	Evelyn Carroll
Surest of (?)	Editor



Base Ball 1915

There is an old saying:

"Tall trees from little acorns grow,
Large streams from little brooklets flow."

I think of nothing which applies better to our base ball team than this. They are all like little acorns which some day will become, we hope, tall oaks out of which a base ball team can be formed whose record will equal the record of the foot ball team of 1913. The team has not been successful in one sense, but in another it has been more successful than any team that R. F. A. has ever had. They worked under difficulties but they did not give up. They met with all sorts of obstacles but they surmounted them, keeping on with what material they had. In this way they have obtained priceless experience which will do much toward producing a winning team next year.

I will not try to portray the season by games but rather by the players. First of all comes little Edgar Money, captain. He was rather quick-tempered but he played the game for all it was worth and raised his marks while he was doing it. He was a handy man. He even caught in one game when other catchers went wild. His regular place was short-stop and he lived up to his name.

Next in the list comes Reamore. He would like to have become a pitcher, but his arm couldn't stand the strain, so he had to be satisfied with second base. He was a hitter all the season and gave a good account of himself every time he came to bat.

We were well supplied with pitchers, but unfortunately they lacked experience. First on this list came Larkin, Freshman, it is true, but nevertheless a pitcher. He obtained as many as fourteen strikeouts in one game. When not pitching he usually took first and fitted that position like a big leaguer.

Next was Spellicy, who shared the honors with Larkin. There were other pitchers, such as Oldfield and Herbst, who gave the team good practice.

The season started off with "Smeck" Lederfiend on third, and while he played he was a "whizz." About the middle of the season, strongly influenced by higher authorities, he concluded to devote more time to mental exercise.

When "Smeck" had to stop playing we thought that we were stuck for a third baseman, but a new star appeared in the form of Edwin Briggs. In his first game against Utica he had five chances and never made a single error.

In the field we had two fielders of last year, Lynch and Leppart. They played the game well and Leppart even got a three-bagger. Maxted filled the other field and made some good catches that made the fans gasp. His batting average, however, was rather low.

Last of all come the catchers. Hughes played that position the first of the season but Mr. Harris decided that the amount of work he was carrying did not satisfy the requirements so he turned his energies to track and stage. Sharrow, the big man, caught for a time, but the heat was pretty severe for him so he was succeeded by Gubbins, a "little Freshman" who could talk if nothing else.

This ends the list of players and also my history of their work. T. H., '14.

Advantageous Gum

Gum is one of the most beneficial and substantial products which can be masticated during school hours. It is not only very gratifying to the palate but also exercises and strengthens the jaws for the tough meat we are obliged to eat during War Times. Gum comes in very handy to the student, when he being unable by the snap of his fingers to attract the Prof.'s attention for permission to speak, can make an impressive snap with the gum. Many a morning in chapel one may not have his vocal cords tuned for singing, so instead of attempting to sing at all, he can easily appear as though he were singing by chewing the gum and keeping time with the leader. There are very few of us who realize that chewing gum beautifies the expression of the face indescribably, for the cheeks are rounded out and a continual smile is caused. The complexion is also very much improved, for when gum is chewed about ten miles per hour there usually appears upon the cheek a sweet, rosy blush.

It would be well for the teachers themselves to chew gum, for it would enable them to talk more fluently to their classes. You notice that those who chew gum have beautiful, white, even, pearly teeth, whereas the others who have not yet been convinced as to the advantages of gum chewing have those sharp-pointed dog-like teeth.

Inter-Class Basket Ball

During the basket ball season of 1914-15, Rome Free Academy did not deem it expedient to have a representative team on the basket ball floor. Soon after the January examinations, however, the basket ball sharks of the Academy became so restless that, after a few informal gatherings of the most afflicted ones, the Inter-class Basket Ball League which was such a success last year, was reorganized. The trophy for the winner was the Loving Cup so generously donated last year by Spalding.

Six games were arranged and the Y. M. C. A. very courteously donated the use of its gymnasium for playing the games. Two were played each night. All the games were largely attended. Although all the fellows present cheered lustily for their own classes, they were not half as much of an inspiration to the players as were the beautiful damsels who no less loyally, if less loudly, cheered their favorites on to victory.

On March 12, 1915, the first two battles of the inter-class league were waged. And had the teams been composed entirely of Irishmen, more fighting spirit could not have been shown. The Juniors and Freshmen gave the first exhibition. After a hard and interesting game the Juniors succeeded in humbling their opponents.

On the same afternoon, the Seniors and Sophomores contended no less fiercely for the honors of the occasion. After giving a most wonderful exhibition of basket ball, the Sophs finally conquered their adversaries.

March 19th was the date set for the second set of games. This time the Juniors and Sophs waged a desperate battle in which the decision was long in doubt but again the Juniors won.

The Seniors and Freshmen gave the audience many thrills by their wonderful playing. The team work of the Seniors was superb but the bewitching luck of the Frosh brought them out on top.

March 26th was the gala day of the league. The Seniors and Juniors started the festivities. A battle royal was waged for several minutes. The Seniors gave a brilliant exhibition of clever team work. The skillfull basket-shooting of the entire Senior team astounded the audience, keeping them breathless all the time. The outcome of the game was in doubt until the last second. The phenomenal work of the Seniors was eclipsed only by that of the Juniors, whose marvelous luck again made them successful.

The Sophomore-Freshman game was also a good game but of course could not compare with the game just before it. After struggling desperately for several minutes, the Sophs were finally found to be superior.

After a long, terrible struggle, the Juniors have at last won something—the Inter-class Basket Ball Trophy Cup.

Certainly had the Kaiser seen these games he would have been only too glad to hire all the players at any price and it goes without saying that he would certainly have trimmed the allies long ago.

L. S. M. '15.

Memorial Day

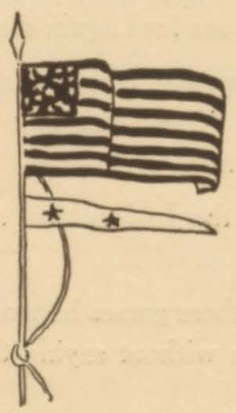
The ninth annual observance of Memorial Day took place on May 28, 1915. The students together with Skillin Post, G. A. R.; Hancock Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., and Skillin Relief Corps, carried out one of the most acceptable programs that has ever been rendered on this occasion.

The walls of the study hall, the radiators and the gas jets were gaily decorated with ferns and lilacs. In the rear of the room hung the large flag which has graced our study hall so long and which daily strengthens our patriotism. At the close of the exercises Prof. Harris told the history of this flag, stating that it was one of the four flags which floated over the United States embassy building in Paris, France, during the Paris Exposition. The desk on the platform was covered with vases of flowers and was appropriately draped with American flags.

After the veterans had taken their places upon the platform Prof. Harris announced that the first part of the program consisted in the unveiling of the memorial presented by the Senior Class. The president of the class, John C. Leppart, in words abounding in patriotism, explained the historical value of the picture which the Seniors had decided to give. When he drew the American flag from the memorial a large picture of the Sherman memorial statue at the entrance of Central Park, New York, was exposed to view. After the applause had subsided, Supertintendent Staley in a short address told impressively the life and works of St. Gaudens, the sculptor of the statue, and accepted the gift in behalf of the Board of Education.

An appropriate program followed. The white-haired veterans on the platform, the oratorical selections effectively rendered by the speakers, the old war songs and selections by the Academy Orchestra all aided in arousing a fresh patriotic enthusiasm. After being addressed by Lieutenant Martin, commander of Skillin Post, G. A. R., the students closed the exercises by the customary saluting of the flags.

The students regretted exceedingly to see that many of those who have been with us in other years have answered the last roll call and that the ranks of the veterans are being rapidly thinned. To those living, we extend our sincere wishes that they may live long and assist us in celebrating many Memorial Days yet to come. L. S. M., '15.



Recital

On the evening of April 16, 1915, a concert was given in the Study Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Butler and Miss Zaila Halsted of Syracuse University, under the auspices of the musical department of R. F. A.

This concert had a two-fold object. The first was to provide a first-class entertainment for those interested in music and reading. This was most assuredly accomplished. Mr. Butler sang a number of selections in a clear, baritone voice. His enunciation was perfect and every word was clearly heard in all parts of the hall. Mrs. Butler's reading was appreciated by all who were present. Her gestures were simple and yet seemed to interpret the parts to their best advantage. Miss Halsted's playing was a revelation to many as it showed how a piano can express a person's feelings.

The second object was to add money to the musical fund in order to purchase instruments for the school orchestra. This also was attained, as a profit of fifteen dollars and fifteen cents was made.

When the concert was over everyone felt that not only had they received more than their money's worth, but that the entertainment had well repaid all the worry as to the financial matters which had been caused Mr. Harris. T. H. R., '15.

SENIOR ANNUAL EDITOR AND STAFF

KOMICS

HOW TO GET INTO COLLEGE.

Entrance Examination Questions.

I—When was base ball discovered? By whom was it discovered?

II—Name ten prominent infielders of the present time.

III—Give the methods of throwing an outcurve; a spit ball.

IV—Draw a base ball diamond showing the nine positions.

V—What is the best position for the hands in pole vaulting?

VI—Define the following terms: Punt, goal kicked, drop kick, gridiron, side lines, fumble, forward pass.

VII—Draw a rough diagram of the foot ball field, showing position of the teams at the kick off.

VIII—Name the eleven positions on a foot ball team.

IX—Outline a situation where the forward pass could be used to advantage, tracing the path of the ball thrown.

X—What is a good diet for anyone in training?

XI—What is the best method for putting an umpire out of business?

XII — Who discovered America? When? What part of speech is the word man? How much is 235 times 8.9578?

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Rink Williams—"Mr. President, I make a movement—"

Miss Seeley—"What is an anecdote?"

O'Brien—"An anecdote is a short tale."

Miss Seeley—"Very well, give me an example."

O'Brien—"A dog ran down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

Sophomores are many and Seniors are few,
Why can't we have quantity and quality, too?

The comic Editor may work
Till brains and hands are sore.
But some wise duffer's sure to say,
"Gee, I've heard that before."

Leppart—"You ought to join the Lit. Club, Yut."

Yutzler—"Why, what do you do there, sing?"

Leppart—"No, we are reading Omlet now."

Spinning, translating in German III—"Light up, Johanna."

IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Fuller, answering a question as to opposition of colonists to acts passed by Great Britain—"Didn't they agree not to eat anything or wear anything until the tax was repealed?" (No, Jack, no).

Miss Gulley—"What was the general consideration of prohibition?"

Gerald O'Brien—"They used to drink a lot of liquor at funerals and other social gatherings."

Miss Gulley—"When was the High School established?"

A whisper heard from Wheat in the back seat—"1492."

Miss Gulley—"To remedy the defect of the lack of warships what did the North do?"

Miss Craig—"Why they built rafts, didn't they?"

Miss Tupper—"The duties at that time were from seven to eight cents, the lowest being eight cents.

Miss Gulley, dictating for class to write, "general plan of campaign—"

Wheat—"General who?"

Miss Townsend tells us that the cotton gin was discovered. We wonder where.

Miss Gulley—"Can you tell the difference between the spinning wheel and the spinning jenny, Mr. Spinning?"

Miss Gulley—"Has the sheriff the power to appoint anyone?"

Lynch—"Oh, yes, he appoints undershirts."

Miss Gully (while Geo. Williams has the floor)—"No one else need give any assistance. I care only for the one who is reciting."

THE LOVESICK FRESHMAN

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And a girl is not its goal;
Tho' thy heart with young love burnest,
Still, beware a girlish soul.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life;
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no maiden, hower'er pleasant,
Lest thy heart may sink like lead;
Act—act wisely, give no present,
Keep your heart, lose not your head.

Lives of great women remind her,
She can't make her life sublime;
So departing leaves behind her,
Footprints on hearts in their prime—

Poor hearts, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;
Some forlorn and lovesick brother,
Seeing shall take heed again.

M. B. R., '15.

HEARD IN THE STUDY HALL

"Yes, she's a nice girl and I wouldn't say a thing about her for the world, but—"

"My, aren't the Freshmen fresh this year."

"Oh, yes, I had a bid, but I couldn't go—"

ANCIENT HISTORY

Miss Gulley—"Who were three men living during the Homeric age?"

Oliver Lewis (just as Prof. Harris entered the room)—"Homer."

(The Editor would like to catch the guy who handed in the above "joke").

The Whiffniffle

VOLUME I. JUNE 22, 1915. NUMBER I.

OUR STAFF.

Ed.-in-Chief.....Ikey, '15.

Business Mgr.....Abie, '15.

Our only support is our Staff.

Our Motto: "A rolling stone gathers no butter."

Entered the freight house as ballast.

EDITORIALS.

After this edition the editor positively refuses to edit any more editorials. The dreadful propensities of editing an edition like this has driven the editor to decide that he will spend his time in editing an edition instead of editing editorials.

War News.

The Germans have taken Pilsener and are now surrounding Delicatessen, where the worst is expected. The Belgian Hares have had a falling out with the Welsh Rarebits and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish Stew and the English Mustard hot, and, if the Russian Caviars the French Pastry it may start a Swiss Movement Watch on the Rhine. The Spanish Onions are strong for a mix-up and if the Home Preserves are called out and spread over the German Noodles they may Ketchup with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of the Brussels Sprouts.

Fashion Hints.

Trousers will be worn until further notice.

Socks with open work heels and toes will be worn this season.

Jottings.

—The name of Ralph Spinning, a Rome Free Academy student, was inadvertently omitted from the list of students who passed the regents' in Solid Geometry, as published in "The Whiffniffle" on Saturday.

Personal.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tremain Hughes have returned from a trip to the coast.

A Universal Accident.

While Arthur Whetherby was tearing the pavement up on Dominick street yesterday with his Packard, the engine somewhat balled up started to go backwards. In its runaway flight it crashed into Woolworth's, destroying the entire stock of the store. By great presence of mind, he jumped, thus saving himself from injuries.

The repair man said that the Ford would be as good as new with a new coat of paint, front and rear axle, new body and engine.

Arthur is a very reckless driver and we advise his parents to scold him severely.

At the Theater.

A—Prof. Clifford and Miss Reed will give their interpretation of the modern dances.

B—Mr. Howard Lynch will appear with his monologue and singing act. By special request he will sing 'Rebecca of the Sunny Crest Farm."

C—The Agony Quartet will render the latest songs. The quartet has the honor of the following voices: Messrs. Reynolds, H. J. Reynolds, Harold J. Reynolds and Harold John Reynolds.

The above is a birdseye view of the Freshman class, taken at night. You will find that there are ten missing, due to the fact that Scully opened his mouth at the time the camera was operated and concealed them.

Timely Aid.

Do you get sleepy at night? Do you ever have an empty feeling when you go without eating? Does your German make you sick? If so

THERE IS

SOMETHING WRONG.

—Try—

WARDWELL'S

UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

It lubricates the cranium and puts pep in the dyspeptic. It is absolutely pure, containing 6 per cent. iron, 14 per cent. zinc, 29 per cent. ginger, 100 per cent. carbolic acid, 48 per cent. rotten aggs, 60 per cent. gasoline, 66 per cent. ink, 20 per cent. feathers and 150 per cent. coloring matter.

WANTED.

WANTED — A STICK OF GUM. Anything from O. K. to Spearmint. Margaret Wallis.

WANTED — I WANT A MAN. Quick. Ruth Neiss.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE — A BOOK ON "How to Make Love," for Sale Cheap. Mr. F. Chrestien.

LOST.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN — A Suit by the name of Frisbie. Size 12. The Editor.

TIME DISCOUNT

"Alice," her father's voice was stern,
"You now must tell me true,
What time did that young fellow leave
Who last night called on you?

Said she: "Oh father, dear, the truth
I'm quite prepared to state,
Ed—*Mr. Lampert*—went away
Before a quarter of eight.

Her father turned away; she smiled,
Her dimples deeper grew—
"It wasn't wrong to tell him that
For a quarter of eight is two."

Chester Parsons, in chemistry, while trying to explain the production of nitric acid from nitrogen peroxide: "Hydrogen peroxide is decomposed by the heat to nitric acid."

Prof Mason—"Another new discovery. You can have the use of this whole laboratory to prove to the world that this class has such a 'Great Student' that can make nitric acid out of hydrogen peroxide. Why, you will certainly make this class famous with your wonderful discoveries."

(Chester is absent from school for one week).

"Ah, there's a man."
(Winifred Rowland).

ENGLISH HISTORY

Miss Gulley—"Miss Williams, tell us something about Milton."

Justina Williams—"Milton was blind so he dictated his works to his daughters who typewrote them."

Townsend—"I would like to know the make of the typewriter they used."

What-dja-mean a fish kicked yuh?

AUTOMOBILES

It vas at der inwitationment of my olt High School chump, Paul Goetz, dot I took dis ride in der automobuzzer mit him, und nefer to der end of my dying days vill I forget how much I stayed up in der air und how leedle I used der cushion. An automobuzzer flies different from a hen, because a hen is seldom loose enough to get ofer a fence. To a automobuzzer a fence is merely a slight laughing matter vich it alvays rises superior to.

Dorothy Wilson—"Mr. Mason, is that plaster-of-paris cast ready for shaving?"

Prof.—"Have you got your license?"

SENIOR SONNET

Soapseeds and sorghum
Sassafras and sage,
Sunshine and shadow,
Sorrow and rage—
All these together,
Mixed every way,
Make the jolly Senior,
Gladsome and gay.

Why is Boyle's Law like Love?

The lower the gas the higher the pressure.

Question—"Name a subject included in the term mathematics."

Answer—"Gymnasium."

Leppart had an idear from Arabiar.

ENGLISH IV

Daniels, reading the part of Macbeth, "Thou cut the best o' the thert-coats."

Miss Harp to McGarty—"O, dear, I wish you would erase the board."

THE LATEST HITS

1—You made me love you—Tremain Hughes.
2—Too much mustard—Wm. Hughes.
3—You'll have to get out and get under. —Lowell Gypson.
4—I didn't raise my Ford to be a jitney bus—Jay Williams.
5—In my harem—Helen Dorr.
6—Alexander's rag time band—R. F A. Orchestra.
7—All dressed up and no place to go—Ross Anderson.
8—Ballin the Jack—Jim Spargo.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

To ride on the trolley's a nickel,
A dish of ice cream is the same;
To have a good time takes a dollar,
Or five if you go with a dame.

Caesar is dead and buried,
And so is Cicero,
And where these two old gents have gone
I wish their work would go.

Goetz—"I see that the Dodge cars aren't equipped with a horn this year."

Gypson—"Why, how is that?"

Goetz—"They have Dodge on the front of the radiator."

She's powdered, puffed and manicured,
And painted, flowered and frilled,
With half a bottle of perfume
Upon her kerchief spilled.
—Gladys Mason.

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more beautiful by far;
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it—
It's the people in front that I jar.

Lend me a cent I'm hungry.

FOUR EPITAPHS

SENIORS
Great wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.

JUNIORS
False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he's dead.

SOPHOMORES
What a sport—'tis said.
Out of money—he's dead.

FRESHMEN
Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.
Perhaps it's someone in there
If so, we wonder whom.

A shriek, a moan, a screech, a groan;
A grunt, a scream, a cry,
With howls and murmurs greet my ears,
"PUT" LEWIS is passing by.

SOME LATIN STUDENT

One who has failed to study Latin—"Oh, say! Latin is easy. Look how well I can read it. Forte dux in ero—forty ducks in a row. Passus sum iam—pass us some jam. Boni leges Caesaries—bony legs of Caesar.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Townsend reports for the pin committee—"The President, myself and two other girls met the pin man—"

CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENT

Directions—to a laboratory full of boys add three pretty girls.

Observe—They all turn to rubber.

IN GEOMETRY

Mr. Nichols—"Now, class, I will explain this problem. Look at the board and I will run through it quickly."

PHYSICS

Mason—"What shows you that there is pressure on a fireman's hose?"

Miss Walter—"It puts the fire out!"

(Will someone call an officer).

Mason—"On one test paper it said that 14.7 lbs. holds up 33 ft. I suppose they were number tens.

Mason (to Wheat)—"You are saying that I don't know what I am talking about. I don't sometimes but I do now."

The physics class would like to know if 100,000,000 Maxwells must be cut to induce 1 volt in a conductor, how many Fords must be cut?

Mason—"If a man weighing 150 lbs., sitting in a carriage is drawn forward by a mule with a force of 100 lbs., what work is done by the man?"

Wheat—"He is liable to have to do a lot of work!"

Chrestien, answering a question—"Why, I don't know it; even you don't know."

Instructor — "I congratulate myself that you don't know it."

English Class, studying "Merchant of Venice":

Teacher—"What has developed in the love story as far as you have studied?"

Pupil—"Bassanio has pressed his suit on Portia."

They had met be-4,
What had she 2-care?
She loved him 10-derly,
For he was a 1,000,000-aire.

NOTI LIBRI

The Man in Lower Ten—Mr. Nichols.

Almost a Genius—Mr. Mason.

Their Yesterdays—Girlhood days of Misses Seely and Higham.

The Circle—The Faculty.

Seats of the Mighty—Senior Rows.

The Crisis—June Exams.

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Polly of the Circus—Mary Craig.

Not Like Other Girls—Ora Tanner.

The Honeymooners—George Williams and Iona Howell.

Man of the Hour—Leon McGarty.

The Other Wise Man—Jack Leppart.

Mixed Pickles — Abe Silverstein, Helen Murphy, Lena Roth, Joe Queirolo.

Hans Brinker—"Dutch" Doyle.

The House That Grew—R. F. A.

Light o' the Morning—Beatrice Townsend.

Wild Kitty—Kittie Williams.

Daddy's Girl—Janet McAdam.

Bella Donna—Vera Reed.

Rebel of the School — Marjorie Crowell.

Where is the home of the swallow?
Why, in the stomach.

ODE TO LATIN

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Happy the death! Surely they earn it.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Pres.—"If this disorder continues I shall have to draw on the treasury for the price of a mallet."

Alfred Thomas—"Use your head."

WE WONDER

Why Hazel Barnard admires "raccoons."

When Elsie Byam will turn "Chrestien."

What Harriet Pillmore carries in her little green satchel.

When Ruth Evans will stop being hungry.

Why Virginia Wilson leaves her muff in Miss Gulley's room.

IN ENGLISH CLASS

Teacher—"Give a sentence with a direct object."

Student—"You look pretty."

"What's the object?"

"A quarter."

TO THE SOPHOMORES

A woodpecker lit on a Sophomore's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half an hour,
And finally broke his bill.

Latin Teacher—"Translate rex fugit."

Student—"The king flees."

"'Fugit' may be present or perfect tense. Translate the perfect."

"The king has flees."

Swartz—"A mulatto always reminds me of trigonometry."

English Student—"Why?"

"Because he is a 'tan-gent.' Can the Englishman see the joke? No, of 'co-secant.'"

There was a girl named Ruth,
She had a great passion for truth.
She said she would die
Before she would lie,
And she died in the prime of her youth.

DUCK, here comes a bullet.

PROVERB

You can lead a horse to water but a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Instructor—"What is your head for?"

M. Smith—"To keep my collar from falling off."

Miss Hale — "Decline 'Ein glass bier.'"

Goetz—"I never have and I never will."

Faulds (at the restaurant)—"My plate is damp."

Anderson—"Hush, that's your soup; they serve small quantity in war times."

Clyde—"Give me some fly paper."

Aldridge—"Why?"

Clyde—"I want to fly a kite."

If I get a hair cut my hat won't fit me. I can't get a new hat for 15 cents. So I guess I'll go to the movies.

Shake, Sophomores,
We suffered, too,
Cheer up and bluff,
You'll pull through.

—*By the Seniors.*

Teacher—"How did you get your hands so dirty?"

Small Boy—"Washing my face."

We've tried skirts large, we've tried skirts small,
Now what are we to do?
Just hang our clothes upon the wall
And wear a smile or two.

WHAT IS WRONG?

There is a lot of gas in some poems but we can't find the meter.

QUOTATIONS

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous." —*Harry Beach.*

"I have gained my experience."
—*Justy.*

"A sweeter girl ne'er drew breath
Than that redhead, Elizabeth."

"She sings like one immortal and she dances as goddess like."
—*Marian Beach.*

"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."
—*T. Barnard.*

"Enough, with over—measure."
—*Spender.*

"I may justly say with that hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I Came, Saw and Overcame.'" —*Kessinger.*

"The desire of leisure is much more natural than of business and care."
—*Leroy Clifford.*

"With thee conversing, I forget all time." —*Ross.*

"Much may be said on both sides."
—*Adelaide and Beaty.*

"To be merry best becomes you."
—*Ruth White.*

"No woman shall come within a mile of my court." —*G. Vierow.*

"I have immortal longings in me."
—*Reynolds.*

"To love her was a liberal education."
—*Don. Schwarz.*

"You see you have fitted him to a T."
—*Scudder.*

QUOTATIONS

"Bachelor's Fare: Bread, Cheese and Kisses." —*Schwarz, Vierow, Faulds.*

"Almost to all things could he turn his hand." —*Roy Wheat.*

"How green you are and fresh."
—*Clayson Aldridge*
Thelma Foote,
James Ayars
Janet McAdam,
Meredith Townsend,
Harriet Adams.

"Grace is Grace in spite of every controversy." —*Grace Rudd.*

"De fire-fly am a brave little cuss,
But he ain't got no mind;
Fer he plunges thru dis univuss
Wid his head-light on behind."

Felshaw to a Lee Center Cabby—"Hay."

Lee Center Cabby—"Look here, you stop kidding my horse."

Student—"Gee, that's good candy. Where did you get it?"

Other—"I found it on the floor."

Student—??? !!! ??? !!!

I wonder is our Ethel Lambert quite right?
One morning early she was a sight.
Her absentmindedness I can not doubt,
For she came to school her waist inside out.

His laugh is like the tearing of a rag.
—Stanley Williams.

A little fussing now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

SENIOR EPITHETS

Freshman—Grassy.
Sophomore—Sassy.
Junior—Brassy.
Senior—Classy.

Lives of Freshmen oft remind us
That we once stood in their place,
And departing left behind us
Greener ones to fill the place.
Lives of Seniors now remind us
That we studied as a rule,
And departing leave behind
The best record in the school.

Willie stood on the railroad track,
He didn't hear the bell,
The engine went to Halifax;
I know where you think Willie went,
But he didn't, because he was walking
on the other track.

Little drops of acid
On a piece of zinc
Make a great combustion
And an awful—odor.—*Ex.*

Miss Higham—"Miss Neiss, please give the principal parts of the verbs occido and seado."

Miss Neiss, brightly — "Okkido, okkidere, okississome. Seado, slippere, falli, bumptus."

Miss Higham—"Failo, failere, flunke, suspendus."

There are meters of ice
There are meters of stone,
But the best meter of all
Is to meet her alone.

Yutzler—"What will the examination be on tomorrow?"

Teacher—"Paper."

"Did you ever see a board walk?"
"No, but I've seen a horse-fly."

They sat in the parlor
heandshe.
Father's footstep was heard on the stairs.
They sat in the parlor
He and she.

Armstrong—"I'm studying my best to get ahead."

Instructor—"Heaven knows you need one."

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how hard you soak it.

If the baby bawls is it the Prince of Wales?

He—Why do you always carry your umbrella?

She—Because it can not walk.

Cicero the orator,
Cicero the man,
Cicero the dago,
He " sella da banan."

What do you think this is, an Italian christening or a Chinese picnic?

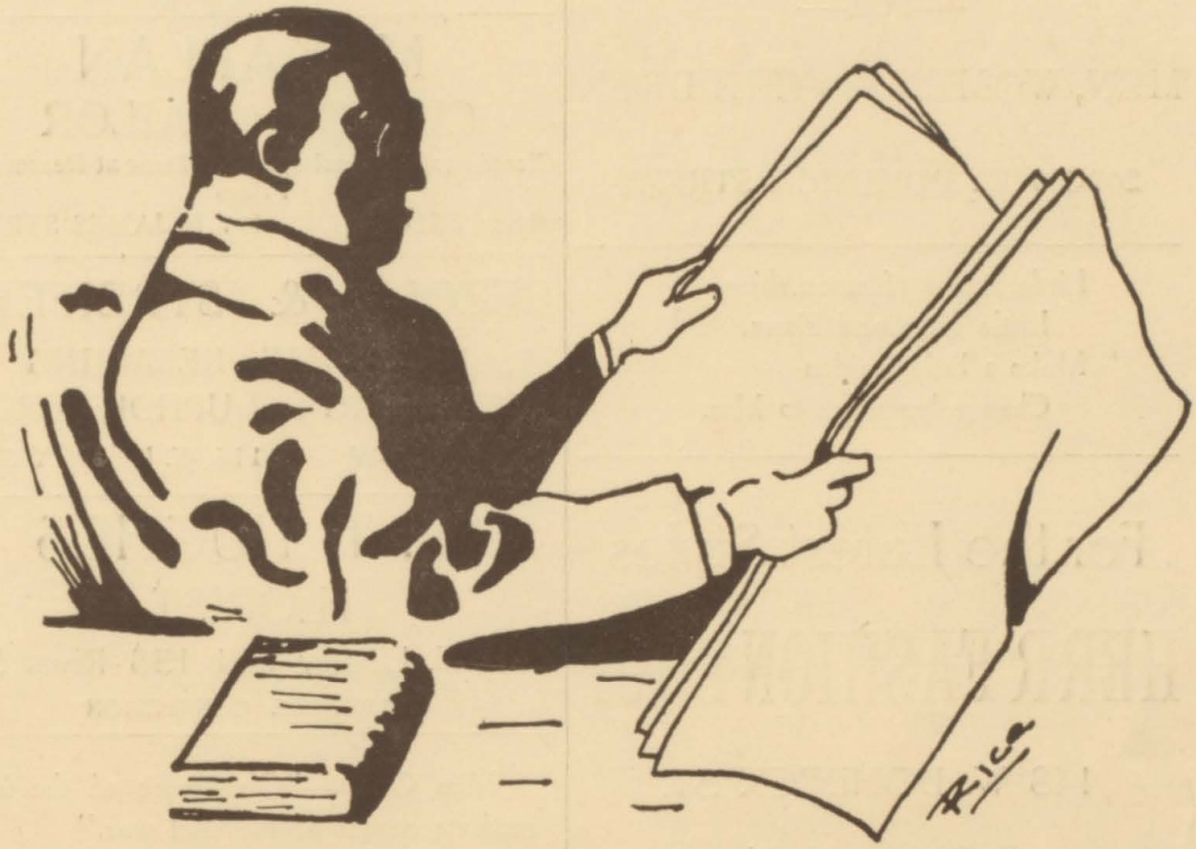
He clasped his arms about her waist,
And on her lips he pressed a kiss.
Quoth he, "I sipped from many a cup,
But ne'er from a mug like this."

One of the wonders Barney & Bailey have missed—Charlie Williams.

Barber—"Want a hair cut?"
Coon—"No, I want all of them cut."

Does the suit suit you?
The suit doesn't fit me.
Does the fit suit you?
(Pistol shot in the alley).

If a watchman in a jewelry store fell asleep, would the gold watch?



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As a cabbage-head falling in love with a rose.

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Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toes on the foot of the bed,
!! xxxxx ?? !!!!! ?? xxxxx ?? !!!!!

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"You will have to see mother first."
"I have. I love you just the same."

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